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DECEMBER 4, 1987

Brian Crozier
RACE AND POLITICS

NATIONAL REVIEW

DOLE WON'T GO

...and you can bet your farm on it.

by Richard Brookhiser

49
73361 64544

Victor Gold looks down on Bob Woodward

• *HENRY KLINGEMAN LOOKS AT AIDS* •

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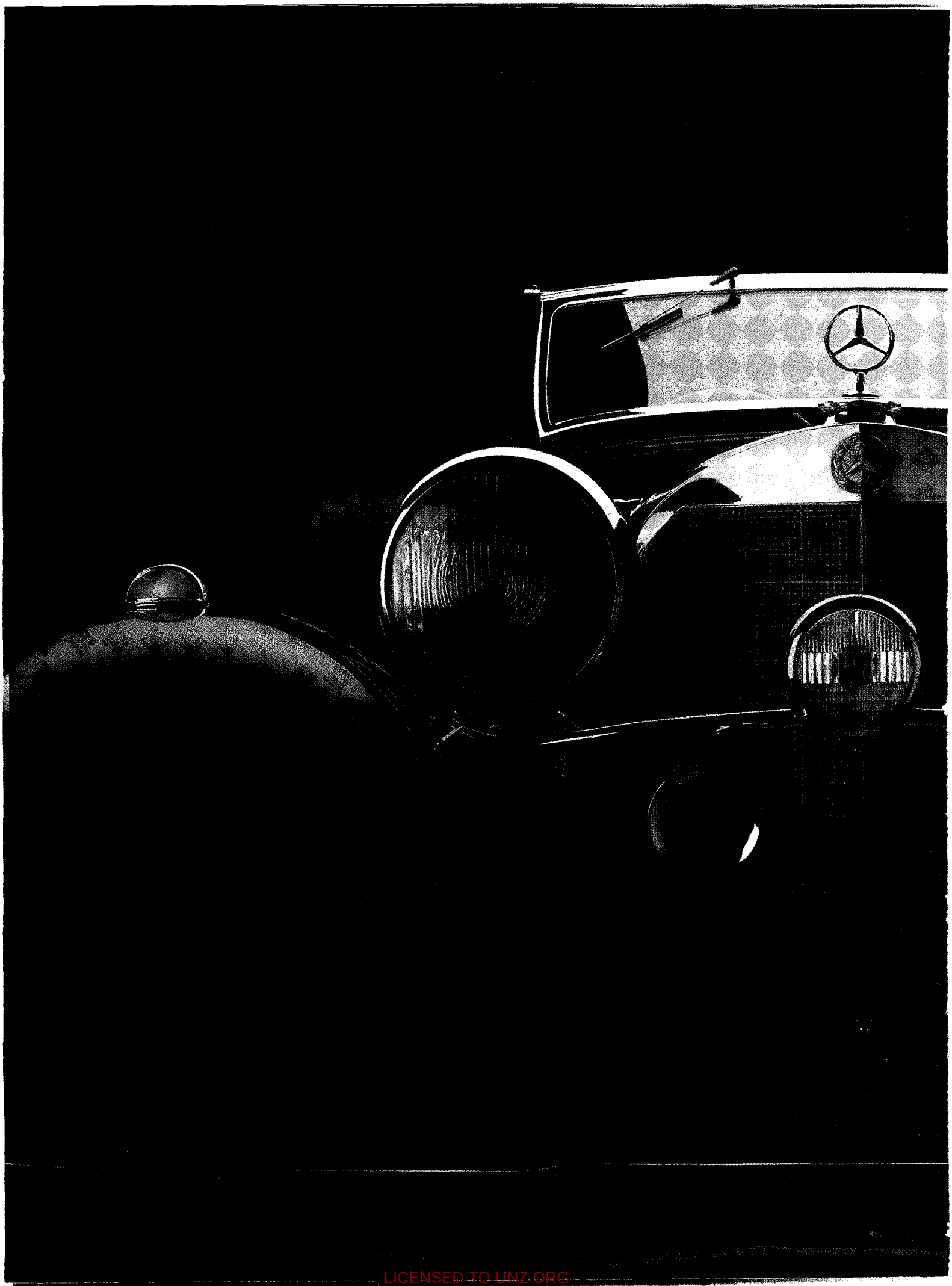

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THE MERCEDES-BENZ S-CLASS: THE ONE THING MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE TECHNOLOGY INSIDE IT IS THE TRADITION BEHIND IT.

A "big Mercedes" has crowned the line for almost as long as there has been a Mercedes-Benz.

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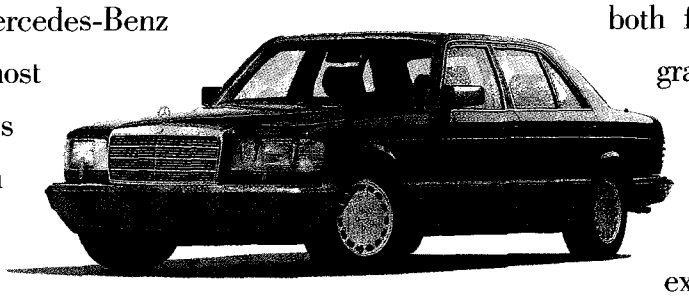

The 540K, for example, thundered into legend on the power of a supercharged eight-cylinder engine and the flamboyance of low-slung roadster coachwork. Half a century of technological progress later, the S-Class seems to glide rather than thunder over the road; in the case of the flagship 560SEL Sedan on the roads of its native Europe, two tons of S-Class authority, capable of gliding along at 142 mph all day.

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VOL. XXXIX, NO. 23

NATIONAL REVIEW

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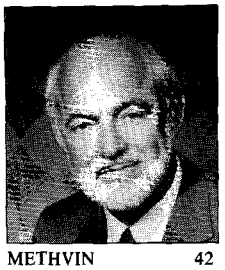
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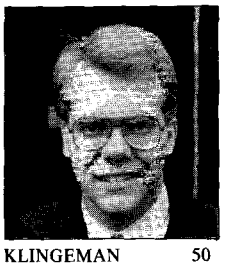
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In Germany, permanent division is the national tragedy. *Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

48 Perusing *Veil: The Secret Wars of the CIA, 1981-1987*, by Bob Woodward, **Victor Gold** asks: C'mon Bob, it's all a put-on, right? . . . **Henry Klingeman** finds that the sad moral of Randy Shilts's *And the Band Played On* is that gay leaders, seeing promiscuity as a sign of political maturity, couldn't respond to the AIDS public health crisis. . . . Michael Kinsley's *Curse of the Giant Muffins* poses the question: What's a bright young spark for *The New Republic* to do? Apparently not much, says **Richard Brookhiser**. . . . In *The Last Intellectuals*, Russell Jacoby complains that the younger generation of intellectuals is out to lunch. Wrong restaurant, says **Joseph Sobran**. . . . Toni Morrison's *Beloved* proves slavery makes good material, **D. Keith Mano** maintains. . . . In Richard Ford's *Rock Springs* characters hunt and fish and make the best of it, says **David Klinghoffer**. . . . Adrian Lyne's *Fatal Attraction* is a low blow, moans **John Simon**, while Barbet Schroeder's *Barfly* is simply corn. . . . **Nika Hazelton** watches geese parade and toasts mayonnaise.

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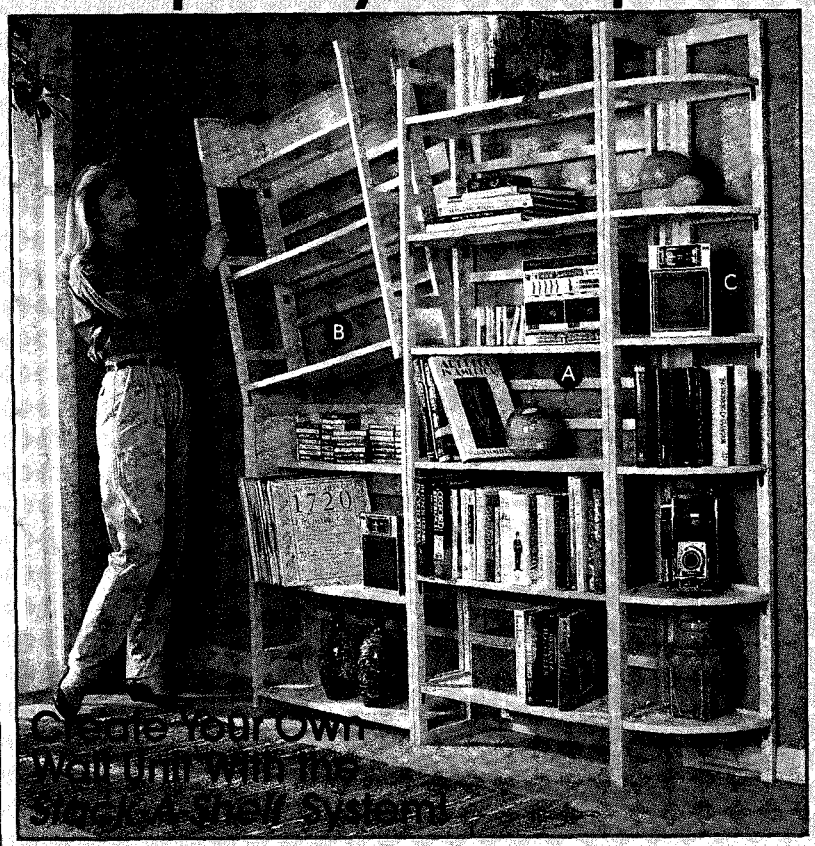

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LETTERS

Red Monday

Although he didn't make it explicit, the point underlying Andrew Redleaf's analysis of Black Monday [Nov. 20] is that the stock market has been transformed to resemble what the socialists always claimed it was: a bastion of exploiters seeking only their own comfort, to the detriment of everyone else. Our supposed heroes have crossed the line from honorable to dishonorable selfishness.

Mr. Redleaf made it quite clear that partial deregulation set brokers against their clients by forcing them to sit down, with their insider advantage intact, at the same poker table. This is starkly reminiscent of the class-war and exploitation claptrap with which we are all familiar. It's a zero-sum game to warm the hearts of the likes of John Kenneth Galbraith. Moreover, the rapid development of index futures and the like was a move towards viewing the economy as a whole, rather than doing the work and taking the risks of a truly capitalist market. The market itself turned into a Roosevelt-like conglomerate, which just couldn't lose, except big.

With the stock market abandoning its ideals, and the press painting Lee Iacocca as ten times the businessman that T. Boone Pickens is, you can't have much hope for the future of capitalism.

Kevin Longstreet
Bronx, N.Y.

Prosecute

Cort Kirkwood's article on House Speaker Jimbo Wright ["Jim Wright Makes It the Old-Fashioned Way," Oct. 23] will ring some cowbells in Texas. There's an old saying in Texas—"If you can't do the time, don't do the crime."

The Justice Department should indeed investigate Wright, make its case, and give him two choices: plea bargain and go quietly, or get hit with the book and spend a long, long time in the joint. A congressional leader as addicted to power and its accoutrements as Wright is would likely choose the former, keeping spouse secure and fang relatively clean.

As one drives into Fort Worth, one cannot miss a giant billboard bearing the picture of a line of cowboys riding abreast. The caption reads: "Fort Worth: the way you want Texas to be." Well, if the truth be known, podnuh, uh . . . not really. That odor is the Cowtown stockyards, all right, but, my God, what have they *done* to it?

Marco Gilliam
San Antonio, Tex.

Cheers and Jeers

I enjoyed Tom Bethell's "Totem and Taboo at Stanford" in your October 9 issue. Having just moved from a job in the personnel office of a major Ivy League university, I can attest to the accuracy of Bethell's descriptions of the daily routines. I was going to clip the article and mail it back to a colleague still at school when it occurred to me that no one there would understand why I sent it. After all, who wants to read a description of what one does and, according to one's beliefs, *ought* to do on a daily basis?

Diane Formaini
Plano, Tex.

Richard Brookhiser's ruminations on Emerson ["Over Here! Over Here!", Oct. 9] were both fascinating and admirable.

Leo Rosten
New York, N.Y.

John Podhoretz's confession that he spent his college nights staying up to three in the morning weeping over the last few pages of *The Brothers Karamazov* and his college days "at the feet" of Allan Bloom does not seem to me to be much of an improvement on today's "nice" students with their bachelor's degrees in vacuity. Is there no middle ground?

H. W. Crocker III
Arlington, Va.

A Bird in the Hand . . .

Representative Dornan said it all, and nicely too, in his assessment of George Bush's presidential qualifications ["Stop Beating around the Bush," Nov. 6]. Any President must have political experience and expertise, both foreign and domestic. But this is not enough. The job requires convictions, reason, sound judgment, and diplomacy. George Bush qualifies on all points and is one of our finest Americans. That he is neither a flamboyant, emotional blowhard nor an abrasive, brass-knuckles politician by no means implies wimpishness or inability to govern. On the contrary, it adds *class* to the political arena. And, in view of the unspeakable behavior of some of those

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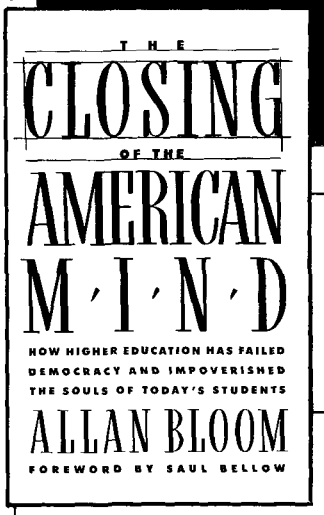

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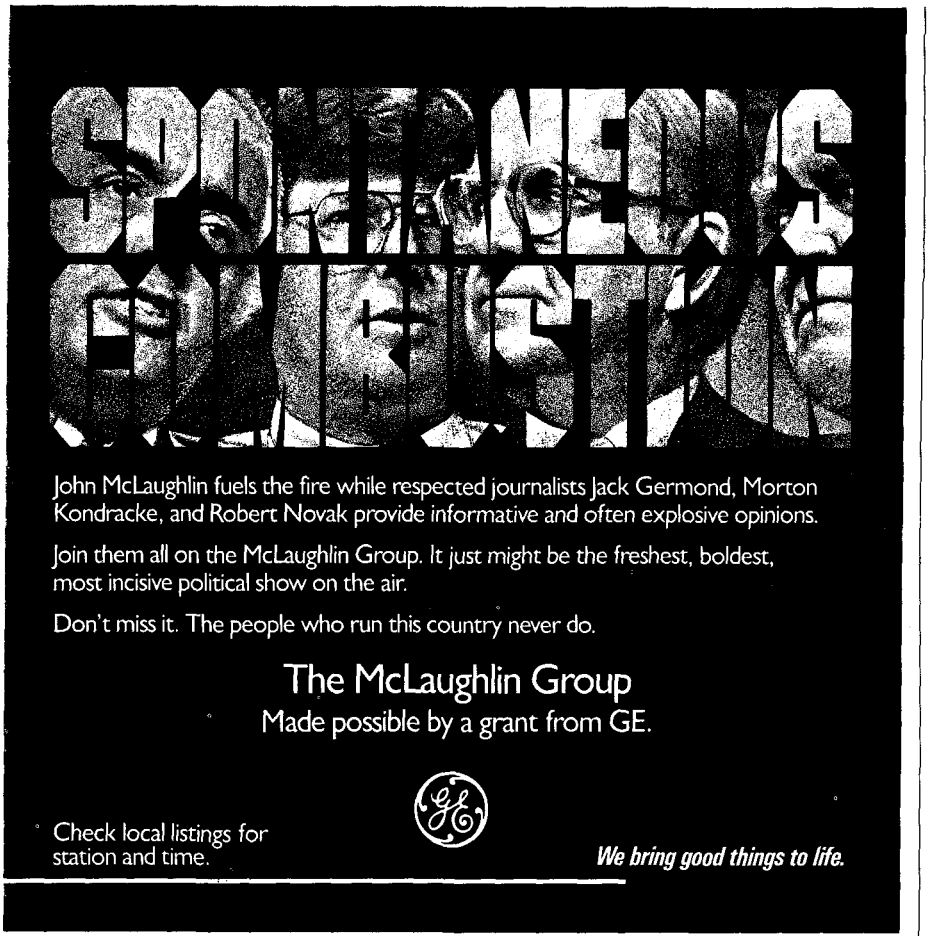
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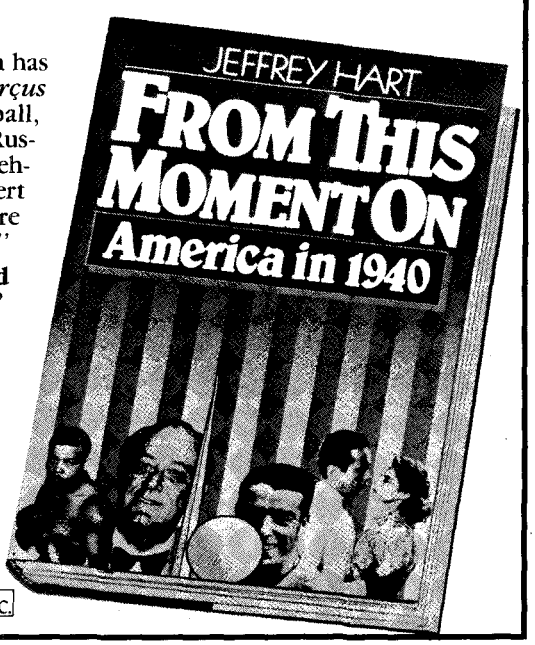

wolfish, power-hungry congressional buffoons during the recent Iran/Contra and Bork-confirmation hearings, this country could certainly use some class.

Irene Prater Dell
Carl Junction, Mo.

It is interesting not only that Representative Dornan, champion prize-fighter and necktie straightener in the House, would support Vice President Bush, but also that he would do so in such a persuasive manner. He has truly done the GOP nominating procedure a great service.

However, as a Pete du Pont supporter, I feel that Dornan has not adequately addressed the following problem: If George Bush is so profoundly conservative, why are Mary Louise Smith and Representative Jim Leach so enthusiastic about his campaign? Do they see something in him that mainstream conservatives don't?

Steven D. Brown
Ames, Iowa

Representative Dornan asks, "Why do some conservatives want to deal themselves out of a Bush White House by opposing a man who shares nearly all of their values?" The not-too-cryptic implication is curious, if not ironic. Didn't Ronald Reagan later reach out to the campaigns of his opponents, if not the opponents themselves, to staff and help guide his Administration?

Brian Young
Glendale, Calif.

He's Got Tenure

The reason the cooperative project between Brown University's Center for Foreign Policy Development and the USSR's Institute of the U.S.A. and Canada ["The Week," Oct. 23] provoked no civil disobedience, of course, is that this is one project that Brown's administration wanted. A last gasp of the détente of the 1970s and a first whiff of the *glasnost* that is upon us, the project is the brainchild of trustee powerhouse Thomas Watson, Jimmy Carter's ambassador in Moscow, working through his personal president, the hapless Howard Swearer. No rallies on the Green? Certainly not. This administration's selection of students, beginning with the Carters and the Mondales and the Kennedys, is out there cheering for the other side. Faculty protest? Couldn't matter less, since the college administration here does whatever it wants without consulting the faculty anyhow.

Professor Jacob Neusner
Brown University
Providence, R.I.

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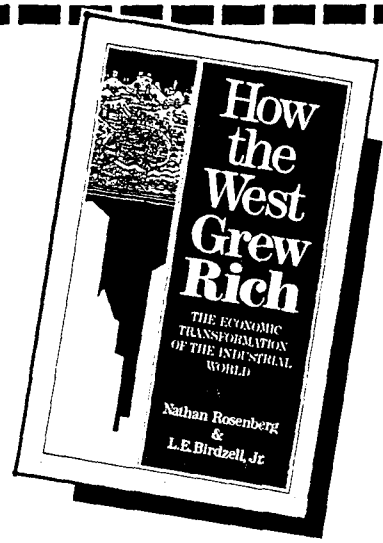

"How The West Grew Rich" is a sweeping history of the economic growth of Europe, the United States and Canada that adds a whole new dimension to the case for capitalism and freedom.

It explains *why* and *how* the West escaped from grinding poverty and misery while other societies and cultures have not. A central theme is the steady decline of centralized political and religious authority over economic action, allowing innovation and experimentation to flourish.

Along the way, authors Rosenberg and Birdzell demolish prevailing pseudo-explanations of how the West became economically dominant. The reasons for Western prosperity are *not* a fortunate abundance of natural resources, or reliance on such evils as colonialism, exploitation, and slavery, or even a vaguely-defined "spirit of capitalism." Instead, Western prosperty can be traced directly to the development of market-oriented organizations and institutions that succeeded to the degree that centralized authority got out of their way.

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the wildest ideas of government in the world

That's what Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts attributed to his compatriots when other Framers of the U.S. Constitution proposed, in June of 1787, submitting the new document for ratification to delegates chosen by voters in each state. Gerry was afraid his fellow citizens in Massachusetts and those of other Eastern states would refuse to accept the Constitution.

What that document would propose was so novel and unprecedented that in Gerry's view its best chance of passage lay in a vote by the Confederation of States already existing—an assembly that had been, as Gerry thought, sanctioned by the people themselves.

But others at the Constitutional Convention that summer in Philadelphia—especially the influential James Madison and Alexander Hamilton—felt the Confederation must be transcended. It was in their view too disorganized to focus the strength potential in its members; and its Congress might be inclined to refuse the proposed Constitution in order to preserve its own supremacy. Of particular urgency, in the opinion of both Madison and Hamilton, was some new arrangement to keep commerce and commercial activity secure from arbitrary or shortsighted regulation imposed by various states in the Confederation.

Connecticut and Pennsylvania were then at swords' points over the former's attempt to colonize western portions of the latter. New York and Pennsylvania were happily squeezing exorbitant duties out of New Jersey, called in popular parlance the "keg tapped at both ends," as the price of letting Jersey's products reach port. Hamilton warned sternly, in issue No. 7 of The Federalist, that this sort of state behavior—when they acted as "independent sovereignties consulting a distinct interest"—would "naturally lead to outrages, and these to reprisals and wars."

What the Framers were seeking, through the new Constitution, was "A unity of commercial, as well as political, interests...." And in devising this they created among the states something we still enjoy: the first great common market.

That system safe for enterprise is enshrined within the Constitution by a few phrases and clauses celebrated in this series of essays but otherwise infrequently recalled. These safeguards were forged in the fiery debates attending the genesis of a Constitution so radical that it may truly be called The Second American Revolution.

The commerce clause

This appears in Section 8 of Article One and provides that: "*The Congress shall have Power...To regulate Commerce with foreign Nations, and among the several States....*"

Madison wrote that these phrases set up a federal power "which few oppose, and from which no apprehensions are entertained." The Framers did not see the clause as even the slightest repudiation of the federalism they were seeking but rather in the way Madison described their aims many years later, in 1829: "negative and preventive against injustice among the states rather than for the positive purposes of the federal government."

In proposing a broad national market free of state interference, the Framers ensured an environment in which businesses could: (1) compete on an equal footing; (2) gain access to an open, nationwide, and easily accessible market; and (3) be protected from undue burdens and state discrimination as they pushed the free movement of goods and people across state lines.

Invention, manufacturing, agriculture, and commerce flourished as these floods of enterprise coursed through the states thus united. And this commercial amity bound the American people together as nothing else might have done, avoiding those controversies rooted in princely power, prejudice, or dogma that had so often beggared the peoples of Europe and Asia.

Our Constitution gave birth to modern free-market capitalism—and capitalism has in turn engendered the economic strength and widespread prosperity that have kept our Constitution a beacon of hope for all the earth. It is because the Framers inseparably wedded our economic and our political liberties in one document that we and our children continue to enjoy both—and can join to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the gift the Framers left us.

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FOR THE RECORD

. . . And now comes **Anthony Kennedy**. But not soon enough to still tempest sweeping Washington as result of **Ginsburg** fiasco. Biggest loser (after **Reagan** and Ginsburg): Attorney General **Edwin Meese**. Says liberal *Washington Post* columnist **David Broder** of Meese: "A disaster [whose] narrowness of view is matched by his incompetence." . . . Says conservative columnist **James Jackson Kilpatrick**: Meese should be fired. . . . According to political analyst **Kevin Phillips**, what the White House needed after **Bork** was "a plain vanilla Republican, not more conservative intellectuals with esoteric ideological fish to fry." Phillips widens the scope of his displeasure to what he calls "conservative-movement types." "These are the people," he explains, "who wear **Adam Smith** ties and attend meetings commemorating dead Austrian economists" (a/k/a **Ludwig von Mises**). . . . Second group of big losers in Ginsburg debacle was pot-smoking pols. Presidential contenders **Albert Gore** and **Bruce Babbitt** have come clean about their youthful puffs, as have Democratic Sen. **Lawton Chiles** of Florida and his probable 1988 challenger, Republican Rep. **Connie Mack**. . . . Finally, for the record, on Republican side the usual suspects lined up against Robert Bork and the President: **Weicker** (Conn.), **Specter** (Pa.), **Chafee** (R.I.), **Stafford** (Vt.), and **Packwood** (Ore.), plus, surprisingly, **Warner** (Va.).

Surprising post-Black Monday *New York Times*/CBS News poll showed very little slippage in confidence in the economy. On October 18, the day before the plunge, 60 per cent of those polled believed the economy was in good or fairly good shape; two weeks later, 52 per cent still felt so. . . . An NBC News/*Wall Street Journal* poll found 43 per cent thought Republicans could handle economy better, to 33 per cent for the Democrats. . . . Even more surprising, the *Times* sampling found for first time in a year that more people said they would vote for a Republican for President (34 per cent) than for a Democrat (32 per cent). Same poll indicated people thought Republicans had better field of candidates than Democrats. . . . Unexpected and welcome political fallout from crash is strengthening of Reagan's hand against protectionists in Congress. White House says 38 senators have pledged to support a veto of massive trade bill now in conference—enough to prevent an override. . . . Turmoil in world financial markets has led Senate-House conferees to support provisions in bill that allow U.S. negotiators free hand in Geneva talks on reducing tariff barriers. U.S. Trade Representative **Clayton Yeutter** calls this "significant step forward."

Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* / Rothco

"I'm ruined, Jeeves. Be a good chap and jump."

Out in Ioway, battle's getting rough. **Gephardt** Iowa campaign manager **Steve Murphy** says of **Paul Simon**'s claims to be a real Democrat and not a neo-anything, "His economics are neo-voodoo, and the voters are going to find that out." . . . Twelve Iowa TV stations have refused to air a thirty-second anti-**Bob Dole** commercial whipped up by TransAfrica's **Randall Robinson**. The commercial, scheduled to blanket Iowa as Dole officially entered race, attacked his South African policies. (Dole opposes sanctions.) . . . Problem about Iowa as first state to be heard from in '88 is that Iowans are left of population at large. For instance, 53 per cent favor cuts in military spending (as against 37 nationally); 74 per cent oppose Contra aid (as against 60 per cent nationally). . . . Simon ranks highest in Iowa among Democrats: 16 per cent; **Dukakis** is second at 14 per cent. . . . Among Republicans it's 41 per cent for **Bush**, 32 for Dole.

Here and there internationally. On UN General Assembly vote urging withdrawal of Soviet troops from Afghanistan, Nicaragua abstained this year, but not Cuba. **Fidel Castro** voted against the resolution. . . . Norwegian Foreign Minister **Thorvald Stoltenberg** says his country will increase its aid to the Sandinistas by 20 per cent this year. . . . An opinion poll of a thousand Muscovites showed 53 per cent want USSR to pull out of Afghanistan; 73 per cent believe those Russians who want to should be allowed to emigrate; 53 per cent think of U.S. as an enemy, as against 22 per cent who think of West Germany as an enemy, 12 per cent, Britain, only 3 per cent, France. . . . Rumanian defector **Ion Pacepa**, a former high-ranking Intelligence official, says Rumanian dictator **Nicolae Ceausescu** has pocketed $400 million from Israeli and West German governments for permitting Jews and ethnic Germans to emigrate. . . . Ho Chi Minh City's new private bank is going great guns, possibly because transacting a single piece of business with State Bank can take up to 18 weeks. . . . Bishop **Isaac Mokoena**, a black leader of South Africa's Independent Reformed Churches, has attacked Bishop **Tutu** and other "chauffeur-driven" South African clerics who support sanctions against their own country.

There he goes again. When asked about school prayer, Ronald Reagan allowed as how "as long as there are final exams there will be prayer in school."

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THE WEEK

☐ A friend of ours has a solution: "Nominate Joe Biden to the Court, and give him a copy of Bork's speeches."

☐ Caspar Weinberger's unexpected resignation kept him from surpassing Robert McNamara as the longest-serving Secretary of Defense in U.S. history. A few prominent features stand out on the landscape of Weinberger's nearly seven years of service. Weinberger was not a great manager nor a brilliant student of defense policy, the complexities of which he did not even try to grasp. He rarely arbitrated among the military services, preferring to let the chiefs sort out their own differences. His reluctance actually to use military force may have helped the Administration avoid certain fiascos, but also made for a paralyzing indecision at critical times such as the Lebanon crisis. But for all his shortcomings, Weinberger was the principal architect of the largest, and most needed, peacetime military buildup in American history. He never wavered, faltered, or compromised in his conviction that this rearmament was essential to our national security, fully justified as a response to the Soviet armament program, and sorely underfunded by a shortsighted Congress. His firmness on these points exasperated his political opponents (of whom there were many), helped keep his boss on course, and served his country admirably.

☐ The President has nominated Ann Dore McLaughlin to head the Department of Labor for the final 14 months of the Administration, noting, in classic Reagan style, that "if she's handled [*NR* Washington editor] John McLaughlin this long, she can handle anything." The move satisfied every constituency, excepting only the New Right. Labor leaders note that her career in public relations and executive-branch management has not involved much union-busting, while Beltway insiders know her as a hard and competent worker, and consider the appointment a reward for years of loyal service. The Right is unhappy because its candidate, Constance Horner of the Office of Personnel Management, was dropped by White House Chief of Staff Howard Baker when the government-service unions threatened a fight. Mrs. McLaughlin is expected to sail through the Senate; Edward Kennedy, bellwether of opinion amongst liberal solons, has given her his imprimatur. Still, she will not be subservient to Big Labor's demands; key Hill staffers expect her to fight harder than her predecessor, Bill Brock, for the Reagan agenda of privatization, civil-service reform, and continuation of the Hatch Act (which prevents federal bureaucrats from excessive electioneering), as against the liberals' agenda of more affirmative action and a stronger Occupational Safety and Health Administration. Brock—who is now Bob Dole's campaign manager—actually fought *for* both programs against Attorney General Ed Meese.

☐ The cities save themselves. New information collected by the Census Bureau and the Departments of Labor and the Treasury confirms President Reagan's long-held belief that the best help the Federal Government can offer America's cities is an expanding national economy. After seven years of the President's new federalism, in which the Federal Government has turned much responsibility for planning and funding back over to the states and localities, urban America has experienced a rebirth. While the Federal Government's deficits range between 15 and 20 per cent of its operating budget, city governments have managed to keep their own operating budgets securely in the black. Since President Reagan took office, the cities' annual receipts of revenue from the Federal Government have declined by 8.8 per cent. Yet the total revenues they have received during the same period increased by 40 per cent, and budget surpluses soared from almost $1 billion to more than $7.6 billion. Meanwhile, unemployment, the great scourge

What Say the Dwarfs?

Suspicious of the markets
  And businessmen who try
To build a better mousetrap
  Or bake a better pie,
This socialist ensemble
  Still labors to secure
More taxes from the wealthy
  And handouts for the poor.

W. H. VON DREELE

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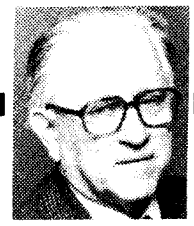
R. GLENN MARTIN



Conservatism – with no ads!

Steady readers of this section may perhaps be as fascinated as I am by a new publication that contains nothing but editorial columns and political cartoons.

I chanced on it in an attempt to locate some columns by Jeane Kirkpatrick, former U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. When she left the U.N., Kirkpatrick began a weekly political column, and I hadn't yet found out where it was appearing.

Then I saw an ad for something called the *Conservative Chronicle,* published in Iowa, which said it reproduces her columns. I sent off for a subscription and got back a 32-page weekly tabloid containing not just Kirkpatrick but a galaxy of conservative U.S. columnists and cartoonists.

There, unabridged, I found recent syndicated columns by Evans & Novak, Bill Buckley, George Will, Joe Sobran, William Rusher, Dorothy Rabinowitz, Warren Brookes, Walter Williams, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Dartmouth's Jeffrey Hart, Admirals Zumwalt and Bagley, and many others — 41 columns in all — by the elite of American conservative columnists.

There were also 36 political cartoons by the likes of the *Chicago Tribune's* Jeff MacNelly and Dick Locher, Jerry Barnett of the *Indianapolis News,* the *Denver Post's* Mike Keefe — two dozen in all.

Refreshingly, there are no ads at all in this free-enterprise compilation, except one by the magazine itself.

The publisher, Hampton Publishing Company, (Box 29, Hampton, Iowa 50441) has been in business 111 years, and the U.S. subscription rate is $32 for 52 issues.

Such a publication, like *World Press Review,* pulls together material from many sources that no one individual could possibly lay her (or his) hands on…

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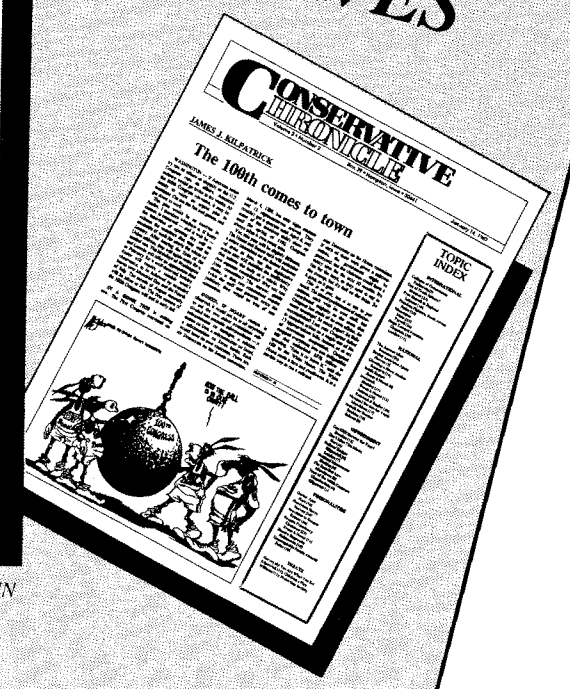

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE PREOCCUPATION of the salon circuit here is not, contrary to what you might think, the Ginsburg fiasco, nor the candidates' titillating marijuana histories. It's the game of trying to psych out who gets the partisan advantage from Black Monday. The current favorite dinner-table sport, around dessert time, is for the host or hostess to call upon each guest to name the 1988 Republican and Democratic tickets as seen in the wake of the stock-market crash.

Here's the early book on the way the crash affects the White House, the Congress, and the Republican presidential candidates:

Ronald Reagan has both the most to lose and the least. The most in the sense that the crash happened on his watch, so he's likely to be blamed. Reagan repeatedly (though unsuccessfully) vetoed big spending bills this year; yet he still gets heat for deficit spending because he refuses to budge on defense or taxes. Mr. Reagan also has the least to lose, in that his political days are numbered and he is, in a sense, simply presiding until January 1989. So he can afford to convene a bipartisan summit and let Congress assume the problem.

However, the actual outcome is still his to write. Will he really lead in a take-charge fashion? Or will he stay at a distance from the fundamental economic realities ("You don't argue with the Street"), doing relatively little to reassure the world financial community? Since Stu Spencer has been advising RR in the White House, some observers here think the odds are good that Mr. Reagan will choose the more forceful option, thereby avoiding the look of a loser which the Democrats so ardently wish for him.

Congressional Democrats will err if they gloat or point fingers or say, "I told you so." But they may act compulsively. The last Depression gave the Democrats fifty years of political hegemony. Can they keep from salivating now over the prospect of all the power they think they will wield if there is another global downturn?

But, as Gallup shows and common sense dictates, Americans don't want the demise of Reaganomics. The country is in a good-times mood. Nobody wants "the turkeys coming home to roost," as Representative Bill Gray gleefully said they were even before Black Monday was over. Premature grave-dancing not only shows naked partisanship at a time when statesmanship is the order of the day, but is also risky—especially since Representatives Gray, Wright, and Rostenkowski and Senator Byrd may find themselves again wearing the big-spender tag, before the public makes up its mind about why we have a deficit.

George Bush is inextricably linked to Reaganomics. He must, once again, be a loyal wingman to the President and hope that the plane makes it safely back to base.

Bob Dole has had a long-standing vulnerability with GOP primary voters, stemming from his obsession with the deficit and his perceived willingness to raise taxes in order to lower it. However, Dole's inclination may now be seen as sagacious—at least the first half of it. If the public concludes that the deficit is indeed a principal cause of the economic volatility, Dole's political stock rises. But if Reagan takes the reins, Dole must join in his effort, and the benefits will be apportioned roughly evenly between him and Bush, since Bush is still seen as Reagan's heir.

Jack Kemp appears to lose from the crash. In point of fact, Kemp's world view was vindicated on Black Monday by the startling demonstration of a truly global, interdependent economy. But that is an abstruse point, and people may not be interested in whether Kemp perceives the problem correctly—they will want to know whether he has a solution that is workable. In a recession, "growing out" of the deficit won't work. Kemp ought to turn down the volume of his unbridled optimism, stressing currency stability and realistic budget cuts.

Pete du Pont stands to gain from the crisis if he presses his budget themes and his management experience as a successful eight-year governor who inherited a big debt and left a big surplus. But can his people do it for him? Don't hold your breath.

Al Haig and **Pat Robertson** will probably get hurt no matter what they say, both having résumés too far outside the mainstream for them to be taken seriously as candidates in serious times.

You heard it here first. Next issue, the Democrats. —CATO

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of America's urban economy, has declined significantly since 1984: to 4.9 per cent in New York City (down from 8.2); to 6.8 per cent in Pittsburgh (from 12.4); and to 4.2 per cent in Philadelphia (from 11.1). Overall, Labor Department statistics show a 4 per cent net increase in employment in urban areas since 1979. Not bad.

☐ Miguel d'Escoto, Nicaragua's Foreign Minister and the former director of Orbis Press, the Maryknoll publishing house, went to Moscow earlier this year to receive the Lenin Peace Prize. Excerpts from his remarks on that occasion: "I believe the Soviet Union is a great torch which emits hope for the preservation of peace on our planet. Always in the vanguard of the overall struggle for peace, the Soviet Union has become the personification of ethical and moral norms in international relations. I admire the revolutionary principles and consistency of the foreign policy of the Communist Party of the fraternal Soviet Union."

☐ Can it be that *The American Spectator* is . . . *twenty years old*? We remember it from the days when it was *The Alternative*, a frisky conservative counterculture sheet out in Bloomington, Indiana, and now it's moved to Washington (well, almost: Arlington, Va.), to fire its satire at close range. Its twentieth-anniversary festivities at the Shoreham Hotel brought together Washington's brilliant and glittering: Robert Bork, Fawn Hall, Ed Meese, Elliott Abrams, P. J. O'Rourke, Ernest Hollings, and several hundred more. Vice President Bush was the featured speaker. Everyone had fun, there were no arrests, and we congratu-

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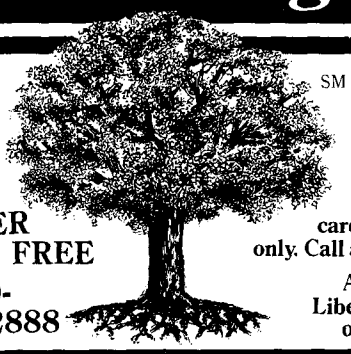

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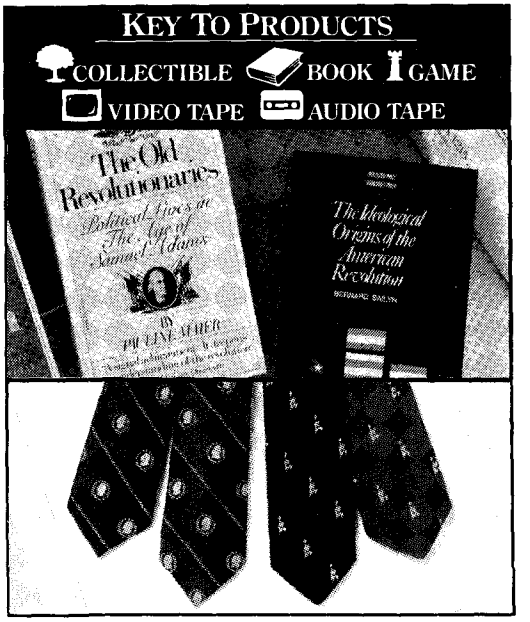

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late editor and founder R. Emmett Tyrrell and his cohorts on two decades of delightful journalism.

☐ Now playing: *Cry Freedom*, Richard Attenborough's account of the lives of Donald Woods, white liberal South African journalist, and Steve Biko, murdered apostle of black consciousness. The movie began with a fudge. As *The Spectator* of London recently pointed out, Biko's own black-separatist principles would have forbidden the comradely relationship Sir Richard depicts. It ended with a cave-in, as the Azanian People's Organization demanded that two politically incorrect lines be cut from the final version, and Sir Richard obliged. The purpose was propaganda. "My objective," Attenborough said, "was straightforward—to ensure that having seen the movie, nobody will be able to remain indifferent to the situation in South Africa, and to encourage them to stand up and say, 'This is intolerable!" So we say, though not about the situation in South Africa.

☐ AIDS WATCH. In an important scientific development, AIDS researchers have now shown—though only in a test tube—that the latent AIDS virus (HIV) in human cells can be activated by a substance called cytokine, which is produced by the immune system in response to other infections or chemical agents, such as certain drugs. In the test tube, a whiff of cytokine, and the inactive HIV goes to work. This result tends to corroborate the intuition of many physicians that AIDS not only provides an environment for, but also could be encouraged by the presence of, other infectious agents. The lifestyle of many AIDS victims is one that might be expected to expose them to multiple infections.

☐ He once offered "Sympathy for the Devil," and recorded an album at *Their Satanic Majesties' Request*. Now, it seems, Mick Jagger, lead singer of the Rolling Stones, is an unlikely new convert to conservatism, or at least to the by-your-own-bootstraps theory of welfare reform. His latest album, *Primitive Cool*, includes an anti-welfare anthem called "Let's Work," which *Rolling Stone* magazine pans as "a vaguely annoying ode to self-improvement." Some choice lyrics:

No sitting down on your butt.
The world don't owe you,
. . . Ain't gonna sigh for you,
Ain't gonna cry for you
If you're lazy.
. . . Just take a deep breath and work your way up.

☐ ERRATUM: A mistake crept into our November 20 issue, in the article on the Bork affair. On page 36, the second and third sentences of the second paragraph, middle column, should read: "Karger says the group had planned to place ads in Florida and Alabama, but when money ran low, they put a full-page ad in *U.S.A. Today* instead. Assuming We the People paid normal advertising rates, running the three full-page ads (in Massachusetts, Oregon, and *U.S.A. Today*) cost $57,777.44."

☐ The Democratic National Committee would very desperately like to unload fifty silver belt buckles with Gary Hart's signature etched on them, and for only $2,000 each.

☐ Don't worry about that deficit. We owe it to ourselves.

Pseudo-Talks in Nicaragua

WE CONFESS to being pessimists regarding certain kinds of negotiations. It is one thing for two parties of fundamentally good will and with overlapping interests to sit down together and hash out a compromise on a given issue. It is quite another for agents of irreconcilable philosophies locked in zero-sum games of mortal consequence to attempt negotiation. Communist governments know instinctively that negotiations are the continuation of war by other means, and they act accordingly.

This is why we are skeptical about the U.S. offer to reopen talks with the Sandinistas. We also see the Sandinistas' sudden willingness to negotiate face to face with the Contras as an act of transparent and cynical motivation. The Sandinistas fear that unless they agree to talks—however contrived or ultimately futile—their credibility will suffer. In that event, Congress might change its mind about Contra aid. Ergo, if pseudo-negotiations can ensure that the Contras receive nothing but pseudo-support (humanitarian and non-lethal), then pseudo-talks it will be. The main Sandinista agenda anyway is to stall for time in the hopes that a Democratic Administration will quietly sell the Contras down the river after 1989.

They Can't Resist It

While Congress and the White House
  Sweat toward a deadline which
Would give Gramm-Rudman-Hollings
  A handle on the switch,
The scent of higher taxes
  Seeps underneath the door
As Democratic noses
  Make noises on the floor.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Contras' main hope all along has been an unequivocal, long-term commitment of military assistance from the United States. Congressional fickleness has prevented this. Yet there is faint hope on the horizon in the gradually shifting public perception of the Contras in the United States. A recent, surprisingly positive series about the Contras in the *New York Times* epitomizes a welcome trend in numerous newspapers across the country: growing recognition of the Contras as a legitimate political force, admiration for the Contras' military spunk, and grudging acknowledgment that they enjoy widespread popular support in nearly half the territory of Nicaragua.

The Administration should seek to capitalize on this shifting domestic opinion with an all-out effort to educate the United States about the real stakes in Central America. As Rudyard Kipling wrote:

Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the compromise;
Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a fact
To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act.

The fact is that the long-term security of the United States is at stake in Central America today, and unmitigated action is what is called for. The Administration has but 63 weeks left.

The INF 'Process'

ELSEWHERE IN this issue (p. 24), *NR* Washington editor and TV talk-show impresario John McLaughlin argues that the President should move soon and imaginatively to get the political credit for the new INF treaty. Reagan's military buildup since 1981 made the treaty possible; unless Reagan takes the credit, Gorbachev will. This may be persuasive as far as it goes. Yes, since there's going to be a treaty, why not milk it for all it's worth?

Gorbachev, however, might willingly allow the President to derive such credit as he wishes. Because in essence the INF treaty is part of a process whose end is the dumping of SDI. Gorbachev will do almost anything to slow or block SDI, because it threatens the credibility of the Soviets' main weapon of intimidation, their ICBMs.

Of course the Soviets would trade half their ICBMs for SDI. The remaining missiles could still make the rubble bounce—and would retain their value in political leverage.

Mr. Reagan says he will never bargain away SDI—and he should be believed. But with an ongoing "peace process," and everyone drinking glasses of nost, SDI could run out of political support.

SDI follows logically from the first atomic bomb—the one dropped on Hiroshima—and then from the development of ICBMs. Technology has to come up with an answer to nuclear blackmail, and it appears to be doing so. The answer should not be jeopardized by language designed to seize transitory political "credit."

A Time for Panic

THERE ARE DAYS when nothing goes right, and the Reagan Administration is running up a long string of them. Douglas Ginsburg seemed a good—and shrewd—choice for the Supreme Court, but the Bork fight had created an echo chamber in which every peccadillo, or even putative peccadillo, seemed to roar like a subway train. When someone recalled (what Ginsburg himself may have forgotten) that he'd puffed a few joints at Harvard a decade ago, another nominee made an early exit.

This time the lynch mob didn't even have to loop the noose over the branch. A malign momentum took over. Conservatives were alarmed by the pot stories, Nancy Reagan was crusading against drugs, so Bill Bennett either hit the panic button or told Ginsburg that enough others had hit it that he'd better go now. (Albert Gore and Bruce Babbitt decided this was the moment for them to come clean about their own early experiences with marijuana.) Ronald Reagan kept his head while all about him were losing theirs, proving again how far out of touch with political reality he is. And Ginsburg was out of the game before the first beanball was thrown.

The instant Beltway wisdom was that the White House had ignored the wise counsel of the moderate, pragmatic, realistic, sensible compromiser Howard Baker, who was however not entirely blameless in allowing himself to be overruled by the hard-line, ideological, right-wing extremist faction led by Ed Meese. Ginsburg was Meese's idea, while Baker had preferred Anthony Kennedy.

Lou Cannon of the *Washington Post*, who lives on leaks from the least Reaganite forces in the Administration, virtually called on Baker to resign: he had caved in to conservatives—definitely *not* the behavior expected of a compromising moderate. The message was that if Baker doesn't start blocking the conservative forces, he will face attack from the liberals who applauded his appointment. For him, the Ginsburg episode meant that the honeymoon with the media is over.

There is no clear line on Judge Kennedy. Some conservatives fear he might be a little squishy. Our own early impression is that while he may not be a Bork, he's no Blackmun, eager to "grow in office" by currying favor with liberal opinion (though you never know until they hit Washington).

Those who have studied his record agree that Kennedy tends to rule narrowly on the case at hand, without asserting broad constitutional principles *praeter necessitatem*. If all justices had ruled that way,

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we wouldn't be in this mess; whether the narrow approach is adequate now is another question.

But there is no obvious reason for conservatives to oppose his nomination at this point. A few have been understandably suspicious of a man whom liberal opinion is hailing as a "moderate," but that may only mean the Left, having shot its bolt on Bork, is willing to live with any nominee who doesn't offer an overt philosophical challenge to the activist legacy. By praising him early, the Left may hope to disguise a concession as a victory.

Six in Houston

THE REPUBLICANS who came to Houston a fortnight ago to mix it up for the first time provided grist for the evening-news drama critics; they also displayed the shape the campaign has taken so far, and that it is likely to keep over the next, increasingly hectic months.

Everyone's surprise histrionic winner was Alexander Haig. After some initial whining about "abused" Secretaries of State, he settled down into a firm, sober stride. That, and some ham, and some bread, will get him a ham sandwich. The next most effective, and also somewhat of a surprise, was George Bush. Some of his positions were dismayingly gooey—he said he wanted to be known as an "education President"—but he blocked jabs from Haig and du Pont with dispatch, and gave a clear statement of the case for experience. "I could say that as President, I'd try to avoid crises. But that's not how it works. They're there. . . . I've been co-pilot seven years, I know how to land a plane in a storm. I've been there."

Jack Kemp gave a middling performance. He was more buoyant than anyone should be in this world, foreseeing "full employment without inflation" (why promise things that can't happen?). Whipped cream aside, he delivered his economic message, as well as some foreign-policy positions—SDI now, no INF treaty—more pointedly than he is used to doing.

Pat Robertson and Pete du Pont pleased their supporters: Robertson by demonstrating to scoffers that a televangelist can participate in a public-policy debate without kissing snakes; du Pont by hammering at the issues—cutting farm subsidies and Social Security—that have made him notorious. (The most interesting post-game analysis of du Pont—it was Paul Weyrich's—was that he was playing for an audience of one: Mrs. William Loeb, publisher of the *Manchester Union Leader*.) The skeptical will continue to see them as not *sérieux*: Robertson clearly lacks the debating instincts, as he lacks the experience, of a politician, while du Pont's persistence smacked of showboating.

The worst by far was Bob Dole. Liberals professed to see his detached, content-free performance as a sign of "subtle scorn for some of the positions he apparently believes himself obliged to take" (Hendrik Hertzberg, *The New Republic*). More likely, it was a reflection of the mindset limned in this issue by Richard Brookhiser ("Why Dole Can't Do It," p. 30): too many positions blunt the knife with which the leader cuts deals.

Intellectually, the debaters broke down into two distinct camps: the repositories of experience (Bush, Dole, Haig), and the ballyhooers of ideas (Kemp, Robertson, du Pont). The leaders within these two categories are, respectively, Bush and Kemp. Given the psychological dynamics of Republicans, this means the overall leader is now, as for the last seven years, George Bush. Soon enough, Michigan pols, Iowa caucusgoers, and, finally, New Hampshire voters will have their say.

Con Game

"THE ISSUE before the country is the re-establishment of confidence," said President Herbert Hoover in early 1932, "by ending these delays in balancing the budget through immediate passage of revenue measures." Shortly thereafter Congress raised tax rates from 1.5 to 9 per cent at low incomes, and from 25 to 63 per cent at the top. Confidence went down, not up, and individual-income-tax receipts fell by more than 21 per cent.

President Hoover's "confidence" game is being played again in current budget negotiations. If the resulting compromise includes some bad taxes, like the House proposals to change the rules regarding deductions for interest expense so as to protect sleepy companies from takeovers, then the stock market will not be pleased. In that case, the tax-raisers' argument will be that the markets are disappointed that the package was so small, and what we need is a bigger dose of poison. If, on the other hand, the budget plan is not as bad as expected, the markets may be relieved. In that case, the argument will be that if some taxes are good, then more taxes must be even better. This is a no-win game for Republicans, if not a deliberate trap.

There are other markets, aside from the stock market, that are also said to need more "confidence" that investors will pay more taxes. The foreign-exchange market supposedly will sink the dollar, regardless of monetary policies at home or abroad, unless the budget deficit is reduced. This is said, with a straight face, by the same people who once told us that budget deficits made the dollar go up. A related story is that German and Japanese central banks are engaging in blackmail, threatening to keep interest rates high unless the U.S. raises tax rates. If so, that would simply hurt Germany and Japan twice—first, by causing deflation as their currencies rose; second, by causing recession as steeper U.S. taxes resulted in a cutback

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on imports. The U.S. need not take advice from Japan, which had zero economic growth in the second quarter, or from Germany, which has had almost zero growth for a whole year.

Before the budget compromise began, the great risk was said to be that Gramm-Rudman would require a $23-billion cut in federal spending, with no increase in taxes. The loss of confidence only began with the tilt away from spending cuts toward tax increases. The greater that tilt becomes, the greater the danger.

Iran/Contra: Reality and Unreality

As the joint congressional committee finished its report on the Iran/Contra affair, eight Republican members of the committee announced that they would issue their own separate report. One of the dissenters was Congressman Henry J. Hyde of Illinois. What follows is an excerpt from his supplemental views on the meaning of this summer's hearings.

I SUGGEST THAT a fundamental reason for our differing perspectives on these hearings may be the different view we take toward the seriousness of the threat that Marxism-Leninism poses to peace, freedom, security, and prosperity in the world. Those of us who do not only take this threat seriously but also try to do something about it are often considered to exercise a "cold-war mentality"—a grave sin indeed in the liberal catechism. . . .

There have been elements of unreality about these hearings. But why have we held them in the first place? What was it, really, that brought us to create these select committees? Some will argue that it was a concern for constitutional process; and well we should have been concerned. But to leave the matter there obscures a crucial substantive issue, a real and deep division that has led to this exercise.

That division, put simply, is this: there are members of the House and Senate who do not believe that Communism in Central America is a grave threat to peace and freedom that requires a vigorous response from the United States; there are members who concede the threat in the abstract, but wish to do little about it beyond talking; and there are members who acknowledge the threat and wish to challenge it forthrightly.

In real political life, the first two categories—those who see little or no threat, and those who see the threat but cannot gather themselves to challenge it—work together. Their alliance, curious as it may seem in the abstract, is what accounts for the baroque dance of the Boland Amendments. This strange alliance between the unbelieving and the believing-but-unwilling has made a mockery of our foreign policy: we have had one policy one year, and another policy the next.

This has reinforced the tendency of insecure Latin American leaders to say one thing in private and another in public. It has strengthened anti-anti-Communism here at home. One shudders to think what it has taught the Soviets.

We have had a disconcerting and distasteful whiff of moralism and institutional self-righteousness in these hearings. Too little have these committees acknowledged that the Executive may well have had a clearer vision of what was at stake in Central America. Too little have we acknowledged that our own convolutions have made the task of the Executive even more difficult. No one doubts that the Executive has done some very stupid things in this affair. But one would have liked to have seen some modest acknowledgment of congressional responsibility for our present policy impasse. It seems to me that Congress is usually more eager to assert authority than to accept responsibility; more ready to criticize than to constructively propose; more comfortable in the public-relations limelight than in the murkier greyness of the real world, where choices must often be made not between relative goods, but between bad and worse. . . .

In the 1970s, after the fall of Vietnam, a new form of isolationism arose. It did not teach, as traditional isolationists did, that America should avoid the world because we would be corrupted by it. No, the neo-isolationism of the post-Vietnam era taught that America should stay out of the contest for power in the world because *we* corrupted the world.

What happened when America acted in world affairs? "Vietnam" was the sole answer. No reference to the war against Hitler, to the Marshall Plan, to the reconstruction of Japan, to NATO, or to the Alliance for Progress. No, what happened when America "intervened" in the world was "Vietnam."

And so, paradoxically, the very same people who taught us that the world was "interdependent" also teach us that "intervention" is a very bad thing. As anti-anti-Communists, they have been willing to give

Here Comes Another Judge

As baby-boomers come of age
And enter onto center stage,
It's difficult to choose a judge
Who passionately stuck to fudge
While, all around, his playmates got
Stoned, zonked, or merely high on pot;
So here's to all those jurists whose
Peer groups got skunked on beer or booze.

W. H. VON DREELE

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an extraordinary benefit of the doubt to a whole host of Third World Communists, each of whom was, in turn, going to get right what Lenin and Stalin had fouled up: Fidel Castro, Ho Chi Minh, Salvador Allende, Maurice Bishop, Mengistu Haile-Mariam, the Angolan Eduardo dos Santos, and, finally, Daniel Ortega and the Sandinistas.

Beneath all the questions of legality and structure an even more fundamental argument is being engaged here: it is the question of America's role in the world, and indeed whether we shall have any.

We ought to admit frankly that we are, as a nation, deeply divided over the most basic questions. It is one of the great failures of the Reagan Administration that it has not forced these questions out into the open of our public life so that they could be debated civilly and frankly rather than surreptitiously.

—Henry J. Hyde

Canada Looks Leftward

It's time to think of Canada again. That great land mass which stands between the U.S. and the USSR once again enters day-to-day American thinking as TV weather forecasters report on frigid air masses heading south.

Since the end of the War of 1812, those seasonal blasts have been the only big chills out of Canada. But a power vacuum in Ottawa could trigger something more sustained—and more dangerous. For the first time in Canadian history, the fall of a major federal party from strength to marginality has moved a minority hard-left party to the verge of power.

Although Canadians have experimented with other parties at the provincial level, they have stuck with either the Liberals or the Tories as the ruling party at the national level. The socialist party, called the New Democratic Party, has nevertheless been influential in pushing other major parties to the left, enjoying ideological purity because it has never been taken seriously in a federal election.

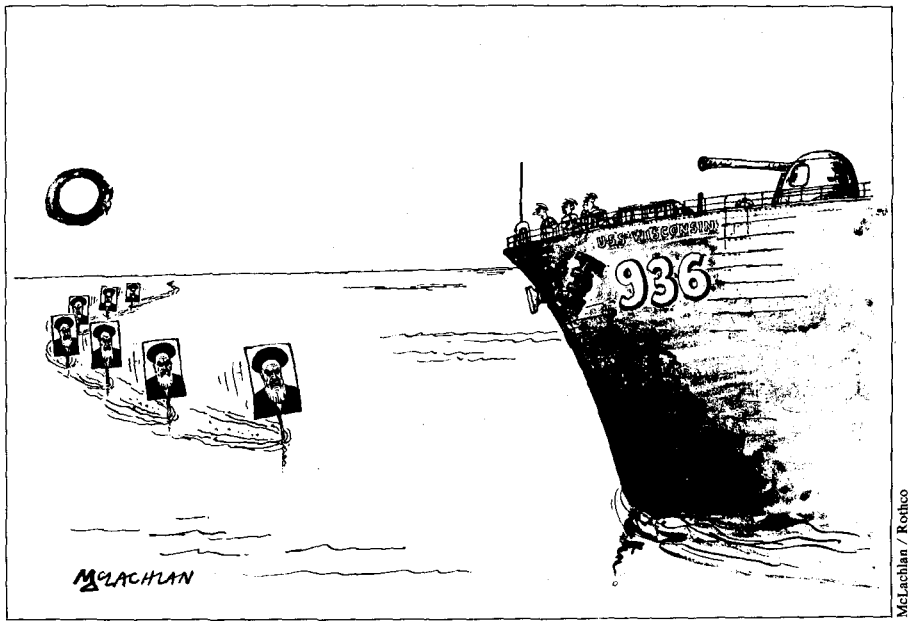
No more.

For months, the NDP, led by the genial, attractive Ed Broadbent, has been leading in the polls. What was once dismissed by commentators as a psephological aberration is consistently affirmed: if an election were held today, the NDP would achieve at least minority ruling status, ahead of the fading Liberals, with the Tories running a distant last.

That would not just be bad news for Canada: it would be a major blow to the interests of free people everywhere. As moderate as Mr. Broadbent strives to appear, he leads a doctrinaire left-wing party whose foreign policy is more extreme than that of any major European socialist party. Among other firm articles of its faith are pledges to pull Canada out of both NATO and NORAD. So intense is the party's anti-Americanism—a stance that appeals to many Canadians' sense of jealousy, fueled by their country's lack of influence in international affairs—that it swears to abrogate any free-trade deal with the U.S. that the Tories negotiate.

Canadian willingness to embrace the North American equivalent of the left wing of the British Labour Party doesn't come out of economic despair: during the Tories' three years in office, Canada has had the fastest economic growth of any OECD nation. The NDP's popularity comes from disillusionment with Tory Prime Minister Brian Mulroney, who has been consistent only in projecting an image of arrogance, cronyism, and sleaze. His government's many positive accomplishments are ignored, and his many competent cabinet ministers struggle for national respect. Nor have the Liberals been able to capitalize on the anti-Mulroney tide. Their leader, John Turner, failed to sell himself in the party's natural stronghold, Quebec, and therefore has not achieved the kind of strength in the national polls that would make him the natural beneficiary of Mulroney's collapse.

Now, Mulroney doesn't need to call an election until 1989, which may give traditional Canadian common sense a chance to reassert itself. And, even based on today's polling lead, Broadbent would only win a minority government position, not enough to pull Canada out of the Alliance. But that is cold comfort: his veteran parliamentarians—who would be frontbenchers in an NDP government—are



"Tell the captain—Iranian frogmen!"

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such that the portfolios of Defense and External Affairs would go to Canadian equivalents of Ron Dellums and Jane Fonda.

Meanwhile, across the Pole . . .

Joseph Campbell, R I P

THE LAST TIME this *NR* senior editor saw Joseph Campbell was over fine pasta and wine at Paone's restaurant on East 34th Street in Manhattan. Campbell, dressed casually in loafers, slacks, tweed jacket, and slightly bohemian blue shirt, was a very young-looking 79, and could have passed for fifty. The occasion for our meeting was to talk about his recent publication of the first volume of a major four-volume work. Volume I was called *The Way of the Animal Powers*; the four volumes were to appear under the comprehensive title of, no less, *The Historical Atlas of World Mythology*.

Alas, to publish the first of four volumes of an intellectual epic at age 79. The first two volumes are now complete, but the rest is problematical.

Joseph Campbell—educated at Dartmouth, Columbia, and the Universities of Paris and Munich; a linguist, anthropologist, literary scholar—believed something heroic. He believed that if you only knew enough, you could make sense of *all* the data. With the early and still entirely dominating artists of the twentieth century, with Eliot, Joyce, Pound, Picasso, Stravinsky, Jung, Yeats, and others, he sought out the great overarching patterns of human perception that underlie the stories human beings tell about themselves, that inform the works of art they create and the rites they perform.

Studying Sanskrit in Munich, he saw how Thomas Mann's imagination was reaching back to the great patterns. He studied the cave paintings, Arthurian legend, Provençal literature. His deep interpretations sought and often found the great mental forms, beyond the formlessness of mere detail.

Not only was he a great modern anthropologist, he was a great modern artist, one of the last survivors of the heroic age of twentieth-century modernism. Like Goethe, whom he worshipped, he combined science and art. He saw that the Lascaux caves, a vast system, had an early version of the Gothic cathedral design—atrium, aisle, transept, altar, and so on. The caves, obviously, were for early religious use. He told us in Volume I of his final work about the prehistoric people in Central Europe who worshipped the Great Bear—an enormous creature, now extinct, who was the king of those early forests. Campbell's great work would have been a masterpiece of visual as well as intellectual power. He ransacked the archives of the world for just the *right* photographs. I have seen only Volume I, but when you look at it you feel it should be framed.

Joseph Campbell was a hero of our time; not coincidentally, much of his work was about the heroes of history and prehistory.

"The agricultural civilizations were scary," he said, as lunch ended. "Human sacrifice."

Then he was gone, out of the restaurant's dark and into the bright sunny glare of an autumn afternoon in Manhattan.

Through his powerful aesthetic perceptions and his anthropological work, he developed a strong intuition —it seemed to me, at least—that made him conclude that there was something incomplete about thought or culture that did not include the sense and the symbolization of the divine.

He died at 83, much, much too soon, after a short illness, in Hawaii. —JH

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Just a thought I'd like to pass along. A year ago the media seemed to be awash in Op-Ed pieces on the Republican "sleaze factor." Of late, however, those who seemed to be at such pains to call the moral shortcomings of members of the Reagan Administration to our attention, mostly liberal Democrats, have been virtually mute. Wonder why.

Regards,
Dick Cleary
Dallastown, Pa.

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Attached is an article from today's *Philadelphia Inquirer*, which you may find interesting:

INDIAN SCALPING OUT OF SIGHT

WASHINGTON, OCT. 9—For more than a century, the oil painting—a scene of an Indian holding aloft a white man's scalp—had hung without apparent complaint in hearing rooms of the House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee.

The silence lasted until freshman Representative Ben Nighthorse Campbell (D., Colo.) spied the painting, *Death Whoop*, early this year as he took his committee seat facing the work of art.

"It's a depressing painting," said Campbell, a Northern Cheyenne who is the only Native American serving in Congress. "It's out of touch with the sensitivity of Indians. It plays on the prejudice of man."

Campbell complained to a sympathetic Interior Chairman Morris K. Udall (D., Ariz.), and the result yesterday was a formal unhanging of the painting, one of a series of Indian scenes done in 1868 by retired General Seth Eastman.

"This is one of the great historical moments of the House Interior Committee," Udall said at the brief cere-

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mony that ended with two workers unceremoniously hauling away *Death Whoop* on a dolly.

The removal of the painting was yet another change brought by Campbell, an artist and silversmith, to the traditions of Capitol Hill.

House rules require male members to wear neckties. Campbell wears only neckerchiefs held in place by rings bearing Indian designs. He persuaded Speaker Jim Wright (D., Tex.) to make an exception for his neckwear.

Death Whoop was doubly offensive to Campbell because of its location. The Interior Committee handles legislation dealing with Native Americans.

Aside from the article's nonsensical content, there is one thing which does puzzle me: the mention of a "formal unhanging."

Now, I'm just an ordinary working slob—not one to be invited to formal anythings. I have had the honor of attending *informal* unhangings (shirt and shoes a must; socks optional); but the upper crust shuns me.

But *you*, sir—surely you have attended a formal unhanging! If it wouldn't be telling tales out of school, could you describe what goes on at a formal unhanging?

Very truly yours,
Vincent P. Benedict
Ardmore, Pa.

Dear Mr. Benedict: Well, it's a dark suit, of course, and non-flamboyant tie. There is silence when the formal unhanger comes in. Some people like drums when he mounts the stepladder; personally I think that's overdoing it—silence is enough. When the picture comes down, there is a diseulogy, brief, on the painter. And then, silently, in pairs, you troop out. It is followed by refreshments. Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Please check this out.

It is rumored that Bob Woodward, while sneaking around the hospital where Casey lay on his death bed, accidentally wandered into the hospital's operating room.

Before the mistake was discovered, the doctors found serious disease in three of his vital organs—his decency, his integrity, and his patriotism. They removed these completely.

True?

Cordially,
Allan A. Marver
Wilmette, Ill.

Dear Mr. Marver: You have been speaking to Deep Throat! WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Considerable fuss could be avoided if we knew in advance who our next President will be. Divination from entrails is slippery and ambiguous, so today I picked up a bare bodkin, shut my eyes, uttered the incantation "Lispenard Street," and hurled the cutlery at the U.S. map on my corkboard. Barely missing Maggie's drawers, it hit the Hawaii inset at one corner precisely at Honolulu.

Frankly puzzled, as there are no Hawaiian candidates, I decided to employ the Ellery Queen approach (i.e., following the most ludicrously improbable clue). Immediately everything became clear. The Hawaiian alphabet has 12 letters, A, E, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, U, and W. The letters in "Honolulu, Hawaii," are A, H, I, L, N, O, U, and W. This leaves four letters unused, and they are K, E, M, P. It would be ridiculous to suppose a coincidence so wild. Kemp is the winner. As I have never met him, and you have, I leave you to bear him the good tidings.

Cordially,
David Severn
Monett, Mo.

Dear Mr. Severn: Done. Cordially, —WFB

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COME OUT OF THE WINGS, MR. REAGAN

A SHOWDOWN is shaping up over the Reagan-Gorbachev Summit that will be the public-relations battle of the century. The protagonists are the Great Communicator and the Genius of Glasnost. The issue will be who gets credit for the historic treaty that will eliminate an entire class of nuclear weaponry. Recall that, in 1980, Reagan warned that the Soviets would only abandon their arms race if the United States competed realistically with them. This reasoning was the justification for the biggest U.S. peacetime defense buildup ever. But that buildup entailed enormous political sacrifice—culminating in the loss of the Senate in 1986, and all that that has entailed. Now the treaty prize that might warrant the sacrifice is within Reagan's grasp, but Gorbachev may snatch it away from him.

Both the hard Right and the hard Left in this country are attributing the INF treaty to a desperate effort by Reagan to overcome his lame-duck status, the Bork defeat, the stock-market crash, and the Iran/Contra affair. They do not see in it the final triumph of a calculated defense policy. Thus Gorbachev, who plans to tour the United States after the treaty signing, will be perfectly positioned to get the credit. He will be the energetic, exciting, peace-loving Hero of the Summit—unless Reagan takes the initiative.

In the 1980 election, Ronald Reagan won the Presidency in a landslide, and the GOP swept the Senate. Analysts have debated whether the election was a realignment or not, and of late have concluded that it was not. They regard the post-1980 phenomenon as a "dealignment"—the breaking up of the Democratic New Deal coalition and the consequent loosening of political loyalties. But the analysts are wrong; there was, in fact, a Reagan realignment, at the outset of which the new President installed an incredible agenda: restore defense and cut taxes. Eventually the realignment began to erode, precisely because this agenda was so contrary to the prevailing *Zeitgeist*.

These two towering priorities—the defense buildup and the tax reduction—created a cluster of budget issues, notably cuts in domestic spending, including Social Security. Under the weight of these issues, the compassion gap, the gender gap, the elderly gap, and other schisms opened, permitting Democrats to extract victories in 1982, 1984, and 1986 in both the House and the Senate, and in grassroots party affiliation.

What cost Robert Bork his Supreme Court seat was not his qualifications or lack thereof. It was the defeat, in 1986, of GOP senators who had been swept in by the 1980 Reagan realignment and who became the first victims of its softening. They lost in 1986 not because they were weak politicians, as analysts have claimed, but because the Reagan realignment had fissured.

Look at Senator Alan Cranston of California. Reagan campaigned hard against him in 1986, on behalf of Congressman Ed Zschau, in a race that wound up being very close. Nonetheless, Cranston won. The President also campaigned against Democrats John Breaux of Louisiana and Brock Adams of Washington. Both won.

These losses demonstrated the weakness of the Reagan realignment, with Reagan himself having lost a good deal of his partisan political clout. His campaigning on behalf of Republican candidates had no critical payoff. Two GOP winners who had ridden his 1980 coattails and survived in 1986, Charles Grassley of Iowa and Alfonse D'Amato of New York, confirm the thesis. They had gone against Reagan on domestic spending, while the Class of 1980 GOP senators who remained Reagan loyalists lost.

NOW REAGAN could lose the prize that was to have justified the cost, namely credit for the Euromissile agreement. What Reagan should do is go on the road these next two months and talk about America's defense, and the fact that the arms agreement is a direct result of policies he put in place after 1980. Reagan must conduct his own PR campaign before Gorbachev arrives, while he is here, and after he leaves. The President could thus undo some of the damage and put the capstone on his own political arch.

The worry is that a disheartened Reagan, surrounded by a cautious White House staff, won't want to offend Gorbachev. But waiting for "a more diplomatic moment," as one top White House aide is already urging, will allow the public to conclude that it was not Reagan but Gorbachev who broke the impasse.

For Reagan to lose credit for this accomplishment would be a great shame. In the dawn of realignment in 1980, Reagan chose responsibly. Now he must step forward and take the credit. Unless he gets out of the wings and on to center stage now, Mr. Reagan may never achieve what he deserves, his place in history. □

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The People, the Press & Politics

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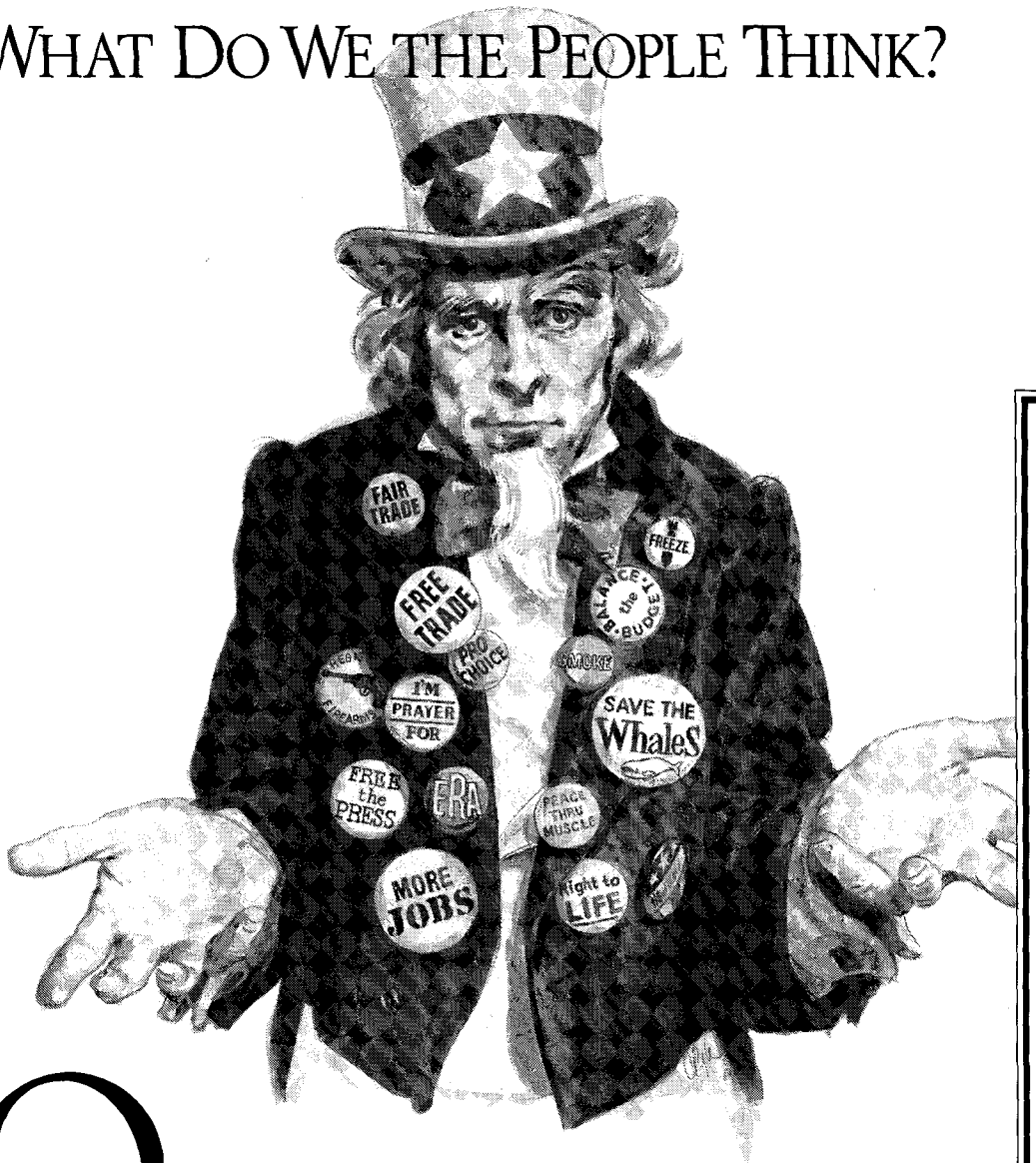

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OF FIJI, RACE, AND ALL THAT

I MUST CONFESS that I feel safer writing this column for an American publication than for a British one, and not merely because of the relative protection of distance. Since Prime Minister Harold Wilson made racism a punishable offense, the resultant "race-relations industry," as it is rightly styled, is quick to interpret any remarks on the subject as a case for either persecution or prosecution.

Even so, I shall begin with a spot of self-exculpation. I am not a racist if the term implies legal or political discrimination against individuals or groups on grounds of race, color, or creed. My marriage to the daughter of a distinguished Indian jurist should count in my favor if there is a Day of Judgment. I spoke up in defense of Aboriginal rights in my native Australia when the authorities refused to allow the famous Aboriginal painter, Albert Namatjira, to attend an exhibition of his own works in Adelaide. Moreover, during some twenty years, I refused many official invitations to visit South Africa because of apartheid as it then was. My first and only visit so far was in 1984, by which time P. W. Botha had begun to dismantle petty apartheid.

The above for the record. Now for what I have to say. Several recent events have brought home, yet again, the monstrous disservice to future generations caused by forced or uncontrolled immigration. In essence, that is what the recent two-stage coup in Fiji is about; it is what the controversial French demagogue Jean-Marie Le Pen is about; it is also what the recent referendum in French Caledonia is about. And a thought must be spared for black and colored immigrants in the United Kingdom.

In many respects, the Fiji case is instructive. The leader of the coup, Lieutenant Colonel Sitiveni Rabuka, obviously agonized over what to do next, changing his mind several times. His first coup came in May, when the government of Timoci Bavadra, elected in early April with the support of ethnic Indians, was ousted. Strangely, Queen Elizabeth II, who is also Queen of Fiji and "Head of the Commonwealth," declined to receive Bavadra when he came to London to plead his case. The only person she wanted any truck with was her own representative, the governor general, Ratu Sir Penaia Ganilau.

An untidy interim solution was put together. Then, on September 25, Rabuka struck again. After much dithering, he declared Fiji a republic and was rebuked by the Queen, who reaffirmed her support for the governor general (who, by that time, was a prisoner in his official residence).

There are of course comic elements in this situation, but the underlying problem is serious enough. The original ethnic population of Fiji is Melanesian—an easy-going people with a well-established system of tribal chiefs. Britain created the present problem with the thoughtlessness characteristic of the great days of the Empire, by importing Indian indentured labor in large numbers. Today, the ethnic Indians outnumber the Melanesians, and the Melanesians don't like it. The Indians control business life but the Melanesians own the land and dominate the armed forces. The Crown's legalistic view is that under the 1970 constitution the governor general is commander-in-chief, and the rebellious Rabuka therefore comes under his authority. This kind of argument has never cut any ice with coup leaders.

The wretched fiction known as the Commonwealth is quite worked up about the situation, and Rabuka's second attempt was well timed to cause maximum confusion at the Commonwealth summit at Vancouver in October. The indignation of the Commonwealth's secretary general, Sir Shridath Ramphal, from that model democracy in Guyana, leaves me not particularly impressed.

Sir James Mancham, a former president of the Seychelles, had a dignified letter in *The Times* (London), from which I excerpt this (entirely accurate) passage:

> In June 1977, on the eve of a Commonwealth Heads of Government conference, a usurper seized power in Seychelles and abrogated the Constitution, which had been delivered on behalf of Her Majesty just a year earlier. Neither this act of treason nor the repression and violations of human rights which followed it, and which still continue, have elicited even pious words of disapproval from the Commonwealth Secretariat.

The point, which the former Seychelles president refrained from making, was that the coup in his island country was a pro-Communist one without a racial element; whereas the coup in Fiji has to be regarded as an assertion of primacy by the original inhabitants of the newly proclaimed republic. The Commonwealth doesn't criticize Left arbitrariness, but it will strike an attitude in a situation that might give offense to Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi of India.

THE SITUATION in French Caledonia is illuminatingly different. There, too, the original Melanesian population, known as Kanaks (or Canaques), is now slightly outnumbered by the combined French settlers and Asians. A referendum on September 13 yielded a vote heavily in favor of remaining under French rule, the abstention rate among the Kanaks being massive. New Caledonia is of great strategic importance to France, and it was the sudden realization of this fact by President Mitterrand two years ago that caused him to abandon his previous socialist/idealist support for the independence of colonized peoples.

President Mitterrand, however, is a

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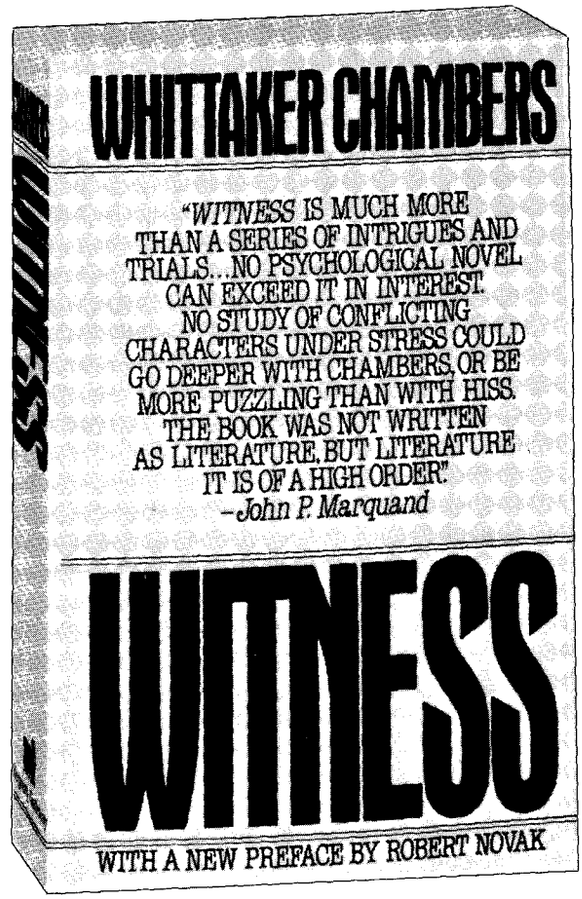
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lucky man. He is not burdened by a Commonwealth. The French equivalent, known as the *Communauté*, belongs to history, although there is a fictitious assemblage, nostalgically known as *l'ex-communauté*, consisting mainly of former African colonies of France, which are basically well content with their lot and their relations with the former metropolitan power. The short of it is that nobody (except possibly the UN) is going to arraign the French president before a group that might pass moral judgment on the recent referendum.

CLOSER TO HOME, indeed *at* home, there is a far more worrying problem for this or any other French president: the rapidly growing immigration of settlers, mostly legal and mainly from North Africa. I have no reliable figure, but in or around many places, especially Marseille, they form large shanty-town conglomerations, slummy and apparently unassimilable. Moreover, since Marseille and other such places were the natural refuges of the hundreds of thousands of French *colons* who fled Algeria when the Algerian war ended in 1962, there is dangerous tinder in the situation.

In French politics, the man who symbolizes the struggle for Frenchness and against unrestricted Moslem immigration is Jean-Marie Le Pen. It is very easy to dismiss Le Pen as a fascist, and many of his countrymen do just that. In my estimation, he is rather a populist, a latter-day Pierre Poujade, articulating the unspoken fears of millions of his compatriots, especially of the working class and the *petite bourgeoisie*. His standing in the polls has been rising fast; in the affected areas, such as Marseille, it reaches 20 per cent. Even elsewhere, it hovers above the 10 per cent mark.

As he has let it be known that he will run for the presidency of the republic next year, he cannot easily be dismissed, even by those who fear or despise him. He is undoubtedly a demagogue and has one of the outstanding characteristics of the genus: he is a riveting orator.

The other day, Le Pen attracted some very unwelcome publicity with a verbal blunder he must now bitterly regret. Asked in a radio interview about the Holocaust, he said that while he did not deny the existence of Nazi gas chambers, he had never seen any. And he added: "But I think it is a point of detail in the history of the Second World War."

As he should have guessed in advance, an international storm thereupon burst over his head. French, British, and American Jewish groups expressed horror and loathing for a man who could say such a thing. Embarrassed, Le Pen explained that he was using the word "detail" in its strict etymological sense, meaning a part of a whole, which also included the war dead on all sides, the massacres in Stalin's gulags and his systematic starvation of Ukrainian peasants, etc. This is probably what he did mean, but that was not the way the media wanted to understand his words.

In Britain, Sir Alfred Sherman, a former advisor to Mrs. Thatcher, who had invited Le Pen to address a fringe meeting at the Conservative Party's annual conference at Blackpool in October, was among those mightily embarrassed. Himself a Jew, he had satisfied himself that Le Pen was in no way anti-Semitic before issuing the invitation. Indeed, Le Pen's stance has been anti-Arab and anti-Moslem—not because the people concerned are Arabs and Moslems but because he considers that, in the mass, they are unassimilable. In the end, Le Pen saved Sherman further embarrassment by calling the whole thing off.

Britain's problem is similar to France's. There is a strong, though irrational, element of colonial guilt-complex. I disagree on most points with the most controversial British politician of our times, Mr. Enoch Powell, but on one fundamental point he was right: immigration into the UK from Pakistan and India, and especially from the West Indies, has created, as he foresaw, unassimilable centers of population and serious problems that did not previously exist.

The point to be made, in all this, is that to recognize such problems, and to criticize those who have created them (in Britain's case, successive governments of the Right and Left), in no way constitutes racism. □

"Don't be silly, Mr. President. Tomorrow's payday."

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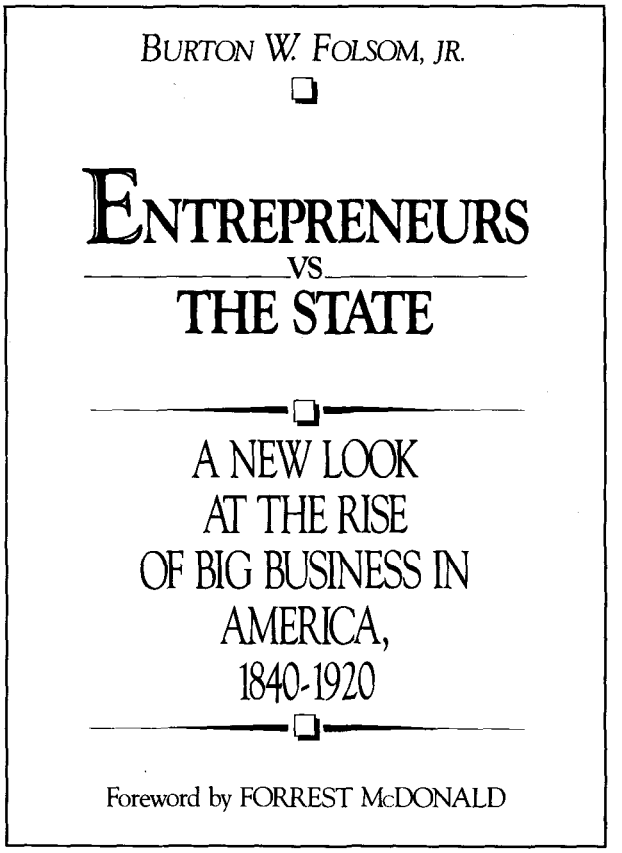

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RICHARD BROOKHISER

Why DOLE Can't Do It

I HAD NOT SEEN Robert Dole in the flesh since the Dallas convention, so, to refresh my memory, I went up to Bedford, New Hampshire, to catch his appearance at the Second Annual Political Affairs Luncheon of the New Hampshire Association of Realtors. It was the eve of the worst October blizzard since 1836, but had it been the height, Dole would have mushed in by dog-sled. For the 1988 election is a mere year away, and the leadership of the free world hangs on the good opinion of those who sell houses in Laconia and North Sandwich. I took a seat at the back of the room, behind a table of realtors sporting white plastic boaters with blue bands, and watched Old Scratch from afar.

Diabolical comparisons come naturally to mind in Dole's presence. Indeed, for years they were the main source of his charm. One enjoyed Bob Dole in the same way one roots for Richard III. Yes, the fact that he kills so many relatives and associates really won't do, and justice must triumph by the end of Act V, but until then, which would you rather spend twenty minutes in a stuck elevator with, him or his victims? So it was with Dole. Whether he was sniping at Walter Mondale for Democratic wars, or sabotaging Reaganism with the tax hike of 1982, malice so spirited made virtue pale. He wore a black suit and a dark brow, and though his hair has receded, it still frames his forehead like a samurai's topknot.

Dole began his pitch, over coffee and pie, with the issues; it would not take him long. The only one on which he spent any time was the deficit—"public enemy number one." There were several ways of reducing it. He nodded to the supply-siders—"I certainly think growth is a factor"—and also cited the line-item veto and, to applause, a balanced-budget amendment (Dole has been pushing a somewhat-unbalanced-budget amendment, requiring a break-even five years out of every nine, for a long time). "But in addition," he warned, "we may have to make some difficult decisions. If you want someone who will make easy decisions, or pass them on to the next generation, then I'm probably not your candidate. . . . Make the hard decisions early, and get it behind us. Because sooner or later someone's going to call that credit card."

He devoted the bulk of his remarks to describing the future decider. Dole has presented himself to New Hampshire voters once before, in the Republican primary of 1980, though, as he acknowledged, that experience would not be much use to them now. "We had a secret plan—we didn't announce till after the election." So he sketched the facts: born in Russell, Kansas; one of four children; father owned a cream and egg station; mother gave sewing lessons and sold sewing machines.

Dole the autobiographer has a problem, which is that he was a war hero. Both WASP politeness and peacenik etiquette frown on military boasting. (It's worse for Democrats: four years ago, poor John Glenn, a decorated Korean War ace, had to argue that his experience of writing next-of-kin letters made him as Gandhian as Alan Cranston.) Dole eased into the prickly fact with humor. "I see my material says I volunteered. Technically, that's correct. I got a notice from my draft board, and I said, Gee, I've always wanted to be in the army." Dole's dean—he was at the University of Kansas at the time—encouraged him. "My dean said, 'Why don't you join the army? You're not doing anything here.' My grades reflected that." Dole ended up in the Tenth Mountain Division. "I guess I was assigned to it because I was from the plains of Kansas. Gave me a pair of skis, and I said, What are these?" He added, as if it were another anecdotal detail, that in a fight for the Italian village of Castel d'Ianno, he found himself "in the right place at the wrong time" (near an exploding German shell), and spent 39 months recovering from his wounds. People in Russell raised $18,000 to send him to Chicago for a crucial operation.

FROM WAR he segued into politics. "Why, I don't know anything about politics," he professed to have told the first people who broached the subject. "They said, That's all right, you got shot, we can get you elected." Both parties approached him to run for local office, but the Republicans had the better argument. "'There're twice as many Republicans as Democrats in this county.' So I made a deep philosophical decision, and became a Republican."

These experiences, Dole said, had deepened his sympathies: for the disabled, which he had been; for abused children and old people on welfare rolls, whom he had encountered as a county prosecutor. "I always tried to remember the people looking for the first rung of the

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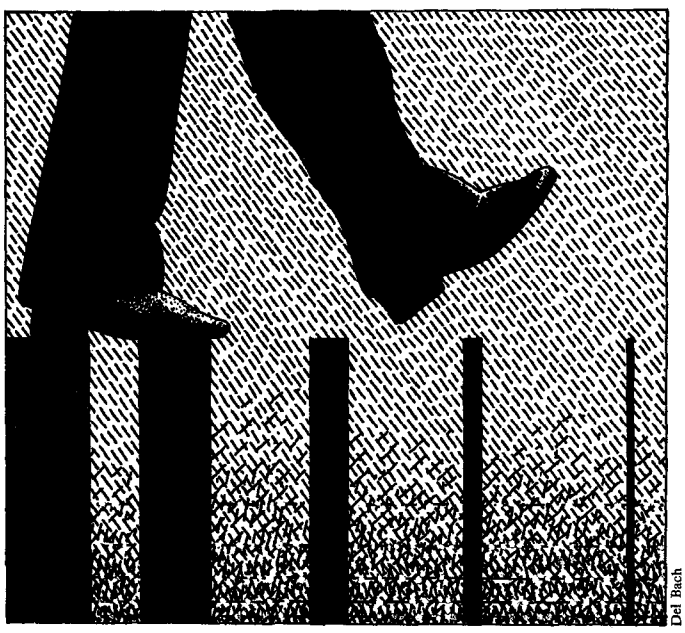
ladder. Maybe they're black, maybe they're brown, maybe they're white, maybe they're hungry. But they're Americans, just like us, only they haven't made it.

"You look over my record," he finished, "you'll probably find some votes you don't like. I've voted 11,000 times. There're some I don't like. . . . But I'm someone who's been tested, who's made it the hard way, who knows real people."

He was already late for his next event, so there was time for only three questioners. The first wanted to know about drug testing in schools. Dole said he was not ready for mandatory testing; Congress was trying to work something out. Number two wondered about affordable (that is, subsidized) housing. Dole saw the need, but he also saw the deficit. "Where do you draw the line?" Last was Nicaragua. Dole hoped for a negotiated settlement which would bring freedom in, and get the Russians, Cubans, "and us" out. But "I don't know many Communists who want to give up power."

Dole's next event was up the road in Manchester, at the Mall of New Hampshire. I see that in the new *Star Trek*, the starship *Enterprise* carries a self-sustaining colony of men, women, and children. They probably shop in a place much like the Mall. "Attention, shoppers," the PA announced, "please join us in five minutes to greet Senator Bob Dole as he kicks off his exciting presidential campaign." Between a manicurist's and a toy shop the management had set up a backdrop of a caboose, labeled WHISTLE STOP '88. A crowd gathered. "So where's the refreshments?" "I think it's Dole." He arrived at last, preceded by a banjo, a tuba, and a clarinet, and the Mall's general manager, who explained, at greater length and with more solemnity than Dole would use, that his was the first in a series of candidate appearances. Dole stood to one side, wishing perhaps for a handy butt of malmsey, but restraining himself.

"Let me take a few minutes of your busy, busy day," he began. There were "three or four" reasons he was running for President. The first was strong leadership—the ability to make "tough and fair decisions. I deal and I have dealt with problems for a long time." The second, experience and competence, was a variant of the first. "I'm someone who knows about Washington, who knows where the players are, who knows how to get things done." Third, "something maybe we Republicans don't talk about enough, and that's sensitivity. . . . I'm not a perfect candidate; there isn't one. But people should vote because this country's great. Where else can you get up in a mall and talk about politics, disagree, walk away, do whatever you want? That's what it's all about."


Del Bach

There followed an abbreviated version of the biography. "Don't look at slick commercials," he concluded. "I'm not standing there because I'm so smart. I know where I'm from. I know how I got where I am. . . . I work hard. I believe in justice, equality, the private-enterprise system, and not taxing everything you make. I'll work for it. I've been knocked down and gotten up again."

Dole recognized some jock-type kids who were wearing his fraternity's sweaters—"All honor students, I'm sure" —then took the questions of those who hadn't walked away. Seabrook? Safety was the most important factor, and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission was looking at it. The other deficit, trade? America has to be more competitive, but "if we have a competitive product and can't get it into Japan, we should take a look at what's coming in." Military spending? A strong defense "holds up the umbrella of freedom," but "I'm one Republican who believes in keeping a closer eye on the Pentagon." The Gulf? No *buts* here: freedom of navigation must be maintained, and if the Gulf's oil were blocked, oil prices would go up everywhere. Can the deficit shrink without taxes rising? Income taxes should not rise; there are "other sources," such as loopholes. But the spending side was "primary. . . . So, thank you very much for listening—" Bork on privacy? He took it. "I support Judge Bork [applause]. I've also been in Congress long enough to count."

That was all for the talk, but not all for the appearance, for on his way out down the Mall's long aisle, Dole patted every child and shook every hand, including those of an inflated pre-Halloween Frankenstein. It was only then you noticed, and only if you were looking for it, that his recovery from the wound at Castel d'Ianno was not complete. Dole's right arm, which is good for clasping a small folder, is not good enough to shake hands. So he leads with his left hand. Some people pick up the cue, and switch to their lefts, but most are taken by surprise, so Dole must be ready, as he has been since he ran for county prosecutor thirty years ago, to flip an overhand grip. He left down a side aisle with a fake Gay Nineties clock that had no hands, and on to his next events, the Deerfield Fair and a lobster-bake at the Dover Elks Lodge, where, having a plane to catch, I did not follow him.

LET US FILL in the gaps in the biography. Dole was born July 22, 1923. The population of Russell at that time was three thousand. Second Lieutenant Dole's last battle occurred in April 1945 in the Po Valley, high up the shaft of the Italian boot. "When I was in the hospital, I was one of the guys they wheeled around the other wards to cheer people up." His first wife, Phyllis Holden (they divorced in 1972), was his physiotherapist; she took his notes when he went back to school.

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Dole was elected to a term in the Kansas House in 1950, while he was still in law school (if he didn't know anything about politics, he picked it up awfully quickly). His rise was long and steady. After four terms as a county prosecutor, he went to the House of Representatives in 1960, and the Senate in 1968. Freshman Senator Dole was a Nixon loyalist; he fought for Haynsworth and Carswell, and the ABM system, and Nixon picked him for Republican National Committee chairman in 1971. His party loyalty was greater; he left the job in 1973, after criticizing Nixon's meager coattails. Dole's toughest race was the Watergate election the next year. His margin of victory was only a few votes per precinct. (The year after that, he married his current wife, Elizabeth Hanford, then a member of the Federal Trade Commission.) When Gerald Ford, after 15 rounds of Ronald Reagan, was looking for a running-mate who would placate the Republican Right, he settled on fellow-Midwesterner Dole. The ticket, James Reston remarked, would play all the way from Grand Rapids to Topeka.

Dole got 607 votes in his last New Hampshire primary, fewer than Lyndon LaRouche got on the Democratic side. Nine months later, the Reagan landslide put Dole in charge of the Senate Finance Committee. From this vantage he launched the initiative that caused those dull souls whose only interest in politics is in results to transform their opinions of him. The Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act of 1982 was a patchwork of excises and loophole adjustments designed to staunch a gushing deficit. It didn't. But the psychological effect of a Republican-led tax hike, less than two years into the Presidency of a tax-cutting Republican President, was enormous. Liberals beamed, Dole beamed back. Conservatives gnashed their teeth.

When Dole won the Senate majority leadership vacated by Howard Baker at the end of 1984, one might have expected some equivalent upheaval in Reagan's second term—the more so since Dole was planning his second presidential race. It didn't work out that way. Dole did say, after the Libyan bombing, that Reagan ought to have consulted with the relevant senators earlier; and last November, as a lame-duck majority leader, he called for a special session of Congress to pick an Iran-Contra committee (an ambiguous revolt, since the Senate half of a committee picked before the new Congress convened would have been dominated by the out-going Republicans). But in most cases, he was as hard-line as the Administration, if not harder. He fought for Rehnquist, Savimbi, Contra aid. He opposed a move to abide by the unratified SALT II treaty, and the nomination of an anti-Renamo ambassador to Mozambique (though he ultimately voted for confirmation). All in all, the last few years of Senate activity have been a long tack to the right. Where does he stand now?

The inescapable features of Dole's presidential pitch are the paucity of issues, and the emphasis on personal qualities. In part, it is a tactic; in part, a reflection of the man.

By stressing experience and decisiveness to the exclusion of all else, Dole has found something for people to talk about—filler for the one-second bites which are the anchorman's adjectives, and which are every bit as important as the thirty-second candidate bites we hear so much about. "When people think of Jack Kemp," said Republican pollster Arthur Finkelstein three years ago, "they think of tax cuts. When they think of Jeane Kirkpatrick, they think of foreign policy. When you think of Bob Dole . . . nothing." Now, Dole hopes, they can think of competence. He used the technique in Congress, too. "Dole was very careful to position himself," recalls Kirk O'Donnell, Tip O'Neill's general counsel, "as the reasonable leader of the reasonable Congress between the White House and the House."

But since the only role you can play successfully in politics is yourself, Dole's shtick is also reality. It reveals itself, not in the prepared catalogues of his virtues, but in the responses he gives to questions. Almost all the answers he gives to the questions he receives take the same form: On the one hand, *x*; on the other hand, *y*; what you need is someone who can work it out. Work it out how? Don't ask; too many answers would tie the experienced dealmaker's hands. "He is not grounded philosophically," observes Paul Weyrich. "But he is willing to deal at any time. We don't have many people of his ability on our side—when he's on our side."

There is more *there* than this, of course. Dole's resistance to the Kemp-Roth strain of Reaganism was perhaps simpler than it seemed. He had never been persuaded in the first place. Conservatives tend to forget how recently they were persuaded. Arthur Laffer drew his first curve on a cocktail napkin in 1974, by which time Robert Dole had been in politics for 24 years. There are certain positive issue-consistencies as well. Farming, first and foremost: whether it be beef imports, or gasohol, or food stamps, or the grain embargo, or Meals on Wheels, *cherchez la ferme*. Another is abortion. That tight 1974 election was won with the votes of right-to-lifers (Dole's opponent was an obstetrician who had performed abortions). Dole has never varied from the right-to-life line since. Last year, he wrote in the *Human Life Review* that right-to-lifers "have lifted the banner of life and with it, the consciousness of all who love liberty."

Yet Bob Dole is not leading with these issues, or whichever others he holds dear. "1988 is going to be the year for experience," he said last January. "The candidate who is going to win is the one who knows how the government operates." Even his concern for the deficit, the one issue he brings up unprompted, and which best reflects his pre-Laffer, Old Republican soul, is cast in personalized terms: I'm tough, I'm shrewd; I'll work it out . . . somehow.

Which is why it seems to me, contrary to the evidence of all the polls, that he will not be long for the presidential world. The present nominating process is not only immensely long, it is enormously intense. And the period of true intensity has not even yet begun. When it does, a quality like experience, alloyed with no more substance than Dole is showing, will shrivel like grass in a furnace. Primary voters don't just want to know *who*; they want to know *what*; they define the first by the second.

Which means we won't have Bob Dole to kick us around any more. □

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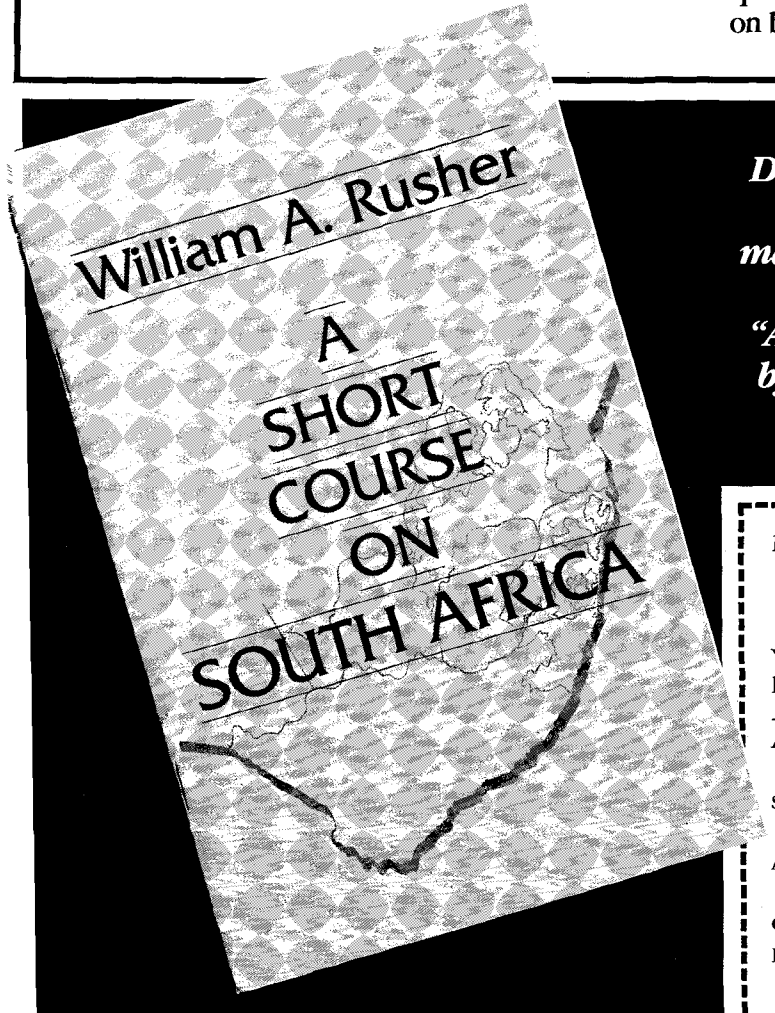

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PHILOSOPHERS DISCOVER THE BOMB

In recent years, philosophy has been doing its best to burst out of the ivory towers into the world at large. Applied philosophers now advise hospitals on questions of medical ethics, and business corporations on the propriety of investments; professional journals and college philosophy texts have taken up suicide, euthanasia, and foreign aid with an intensity once reserved for immanentizing the eschaton. But the hottest ticket in academic philosophy these days is "nuclear ethics." Trendy philosophers are queuing up to pass judgment on the rectitude of atomic weapons, or, more precisely, of America's atomic weapons. Their verdict? The U.S. must either unilaterally disarm or drastically curtail its war-fighting capacity.

As an academic discipline, nuclear ethics is rather peculiar. In the first place, the moral issues of nuclear war (about which philosophers might presume to speak with some special authority) are rather obvious. Everyone knows that turning Earth into a radioactive wasteland is a bad idea and everyone (well, save a few philosophers) agrees that being conquered by the Soviet Union is also an unpleasant experience. The great question in strategic policy is ultimately practical: how can we keep from becoming either red or dead? Thus, coming up with the right defense strategy involves knowing a great many facts and very little specialized philosophy. But nuclear ethicists plunge ahead, dressing up naked political opinions in philosophic garb. Nuclear weapons do pose a few intellectually intriguing puzzles and Gregory Kavka probed one of these in "Some Paradoxes of Deterrence," virtually the only interesting paper in the entire "nuclear ethics" canon. In promising to destroy the USSR should it attack us, the U.S. threatens to do something that would be pointless should the Soviets actually attack. Yet the threat itself is far from pointless, because it deters a Soviet attack. Thus, planning to do something wrong can itself be right if the act of planning has independent beneficial results—contrary to the common-sense assumption that the morality of intentions is to be evaluated solely by reference to what is intended.

Kavka's observation is elegant, but not unique to nuclear war. The independent moral dimension of sheer intending is displayed every time a labor negotiator threatens to ruin himself rather than yield. Kavka's decision to use a hot political topic like arms control as a staging platform for a philosophic analysis of the morality of intention is somewhat tendentious. Nor does his discussion add much to the nuclear weapons debate. U.S. defense officials are perfectly aware of the ironies of strategic planning. Caspar Weinberger has often spoken of the "paradox" that plans for fighting atomic war succeed only if they are never used.

Calculus of Confusion

A second issue with some philosophic substance that nuclear ethicists discuss is the concept of risk. Douglas Lackey, one of the most prolific writers on nuclear ethics, notes that mere possession of nuclear weapons creates risk, and there is a presumption against creating risk. If you have nuclear weapons, you may decide to use them, or perhaps they could go off by accident. (It is invariably American weapons that create these dilemmas; Soviet weapons are always blameless responses to American aggressiveness.) What Lackey's truism does not tell us, of course, is how to distinguish between permissible and impermissible risks. Life is dangerous, and society is frequently forced to evaluate levels of risk. Drunk driving is illegal for example, but people are allowed to eat with steak knives even though they might accidentally impale a dining companion.

Determining whether putting warheads in silos is an unacceptably risky action is the kind of judgment that cannot be reduced to a formula. But by packing the right numbers into a pseudo-philosophic equation, Lackey creates the impression of proving *a priori* that possessing nuclear weapons is too dangerous to be rational. Each year, he says, there is a 0.01 per cent chance that America's nuclear arsenal will kill one hundred million noncombatants. Accepting that risk, he continues, is the moral equivalent of actually killing "ten thousand Third World bystanders." It is from this contrived statistic, rather than from his lengthy analysis of the concept of risk, that Lackey concludes that America should unilaterally disarm.

Lackey's refusal to admit that the philosophical content of his article is irrelevant to the conclusion he draws is typical of academic philosophers who write about nuclear weapons. Precisely because the moral issues are so clear, nuclear ethicists resort to a number of standard moves to convince their readers (and possibly themselves) that what they are doing is philosophy.

One popular strategem is to use complex philosophical jargon (appropriate enough in other contexts) to obscure crucial non-philosophical assumptions. Thus, in an essay entitled "Between MAD and Counterforce: In Search of a Morally and Strategically Sound Nuclear Defense Policy," James Sterba formulates the futility of empty threats as the "Impossible Threat Principle": "*X* cannot threaten to do *w* if *Y* does *z*, if *X* expects that if *Y* does *z*, *X* still will *not* do *w*," a rather inelegant way to say it's naughty to bluff. From this principle he infers that

Mr. Levin is a professor of philosophy at The City College of New York.

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Javier Corral Jurado, of Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, at the age of 13 was the founder, reporter, photographer, editor, ad salesman and publisher of *El Chisme,* "The Gossip". His newspaper is published every 2 weeks for 1500 readers.

At 15, Robert Lewis Dean borrowed $1,500 from his parents, bought a 1972 Cadillac and fixed it up then sold it at a profit. That was the beginning of his career that has included starting a business at age 16, selling it for $100,000 and starting other businesses dealing with limousines.

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About The Author

Karl Hess is an entrepreneur, former editor at *Newsweek* and author of six books. He writes with conviction about how and why applying the principles of free enterprise leads to independence and success.

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threats of massive retaliation are morally illegitimate (since we should never massively retaliate no matter what the Soviet Union does). The same with limited retaliation, since the USSR has promised not to launch a first strike. And why should we trust the Soviet leadership? "Neither U.S. intervention in Nicaragua nor Soviet intervention in Afghanistan . . . are directed against a principal ally of the other superpower." How reassuring. Sterba somewhat undercuts his own principles when he says the U.S. and the USSR have the right to retain some nuclear weapons because "conditions [might] change for the worse" in either country, "bringing to power leaders who can only be deterred by a threat or bluff of nuclear retaliation." Thus having begun by stating as a principle that it is wrong to bluff, Sterba reverses himself: bluffing would be OK if sufficiently evil leaders come to power in Russia or America. Clearly, Sterba actually relies less on the impressive "Impossible Threat Principle" than on the moral equivalence of American and Soviet leadership. He's certainly entitled to his opinion, but not to dress it up in philosophical fancywork.

Another tell-tale sign of nuclear ethicists' bad conscience is overuse of the adjective "moral"; they incessantly remind us they are appraising weapons "morally" rather than strategically, promising "a hard look at the *moral* aspects of strategic defense," or a discussion of "The Moral Vision of Strategic Defense." A closer look proves once again, however, that it is armchair strategic analysis, not moral theory, that carries the argument.

In "Space War Ethics," for instance, Kavka considers what he terms the "only three morally respectable" arguments for anti-satellite weapons, namely their military usefulness, their potential as a hedge against a Soviet technological breakthrough, and their role as a bargaining chip in arms negotiations. He rejects these arguments "from the moral perspective" because ASATs are "destabilizing, expensive, and likely to make early nuclear war termination even harder"—more or less the position of the Union of Concerned Scientists, who at least have no illusions that they are practicing philosophy. Steven Lee, out to "show the relevance of moral considerations," follows a similar path to more radical conclusions: SDI cannot be deployed to protect first-strike-capable missiles, lest "our adversary" be tempted to pre-empt. Yet an unprotected counterforce incapable of a first strike could still destroy cities, and possession of even that capability is morally doubtful. (Rejection of SDI and counterforce targeting is unanimous in the nuclear ethics literature.)

After many pages, Lee confesses he doesn't know whether any form of nuclear deterrence is "morally acceptable." Yet his qualms mainly concern whether the weapons he considers would increase or decrease the chances of nuclear conflict, which is the sort of *non*-moral problem that gets discussed in journals like *Foreign Affairs*, *The New Republic*, and *Commentary*. Obviously, a weapons policy that ignites World War III is not "morally acceptable"; the real question—the empirical tail wagging the philosophical dog—is what weapons policy is most effective? Analytic philosophy has precious little to add to the debate.

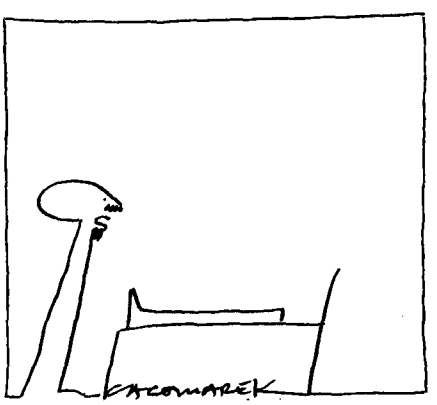
Vacuous Verities

THEIR SEARCH for a point of philosophical purchase leads many philosophers, finally, to fall back on "just war" theory, whose main tenets oblige a belligerent to inflict only such harm as is proportional to the good he seeks, and to spare innocents. Many philosophers find it self-evident that proportionality rules out nuclear deterrence. Richard Wasserstrom of the American Philosophical Association writes: "I do not see how it could be thought right rather than wrong that, say, tens or hundreds of millions of inhabitants of the Soviet Union—the children as well as the adults . . . be deliberately killed by a nuclear attack so that those of us in the United States and elsewhere should not be either dead or red." A paragraph in this spirit from the pen of the eminent logician Michael Dummett gives a sense of the lurid fringes of the nuclear ethics literature:

> No one committed to defense by nuclear weapons can have any principled objection to murder. . . . To use them in any circumstances would plainly be murder. . . . The commission of acts of monstrous wickedness drives the perpetrators in some degree insane. Immediately after the end of the war with Japan, President Truman made a speech in which he blasphemously praised the wisdom of the Almighty in putting such terrible weapons in the hands of a people, the American people, too humane to use them . . .

In fact, however, the principle of proportionality thus applied is vacuous, and yields no determination on nuclear war or any other issue. It is wrong, tautologically enough, to inflict unjustifiable harm, but that principle does not tell us when harm is justified and when it is not. Nor is it appropriate to treat deterrence as if it were tantamount to actually nuking Soviet babies.

The single work which best illustrates the *parti pris* character of nuclear ethics is Douglas Lackey's "Missiles and Morals," which tries to address the idea that all evaluations of harm and risk involve an element of informed judgment. Lackey claims that by every criterion ever used for evaluating consequences, the U.S should unilaterally disarm. He begins with the principle that one should always avoid the worst possible outcome, and observes that our disarming can lead at worst to our own destruction, while our remaining armed can lead at worst to what Lackey considers the worse outcome of the U.S and the USSR both being destroyed. Lackey admits that morality and "prudence" seem to diverge here, although he regards the issue of their relation as "unsettled." Of course, as Lackey recognizes, most people do not assume the worst. They try to balance the good and bad consequences of various courses of action against the actual probability of these consequences occurring, which is what philosophers call "maximizing expected value." In "Missiles and Morals" Lackey tries to show that American unilateral disarmament would maximize expected value for the U.S and the world as a whole. Unilateral disar-



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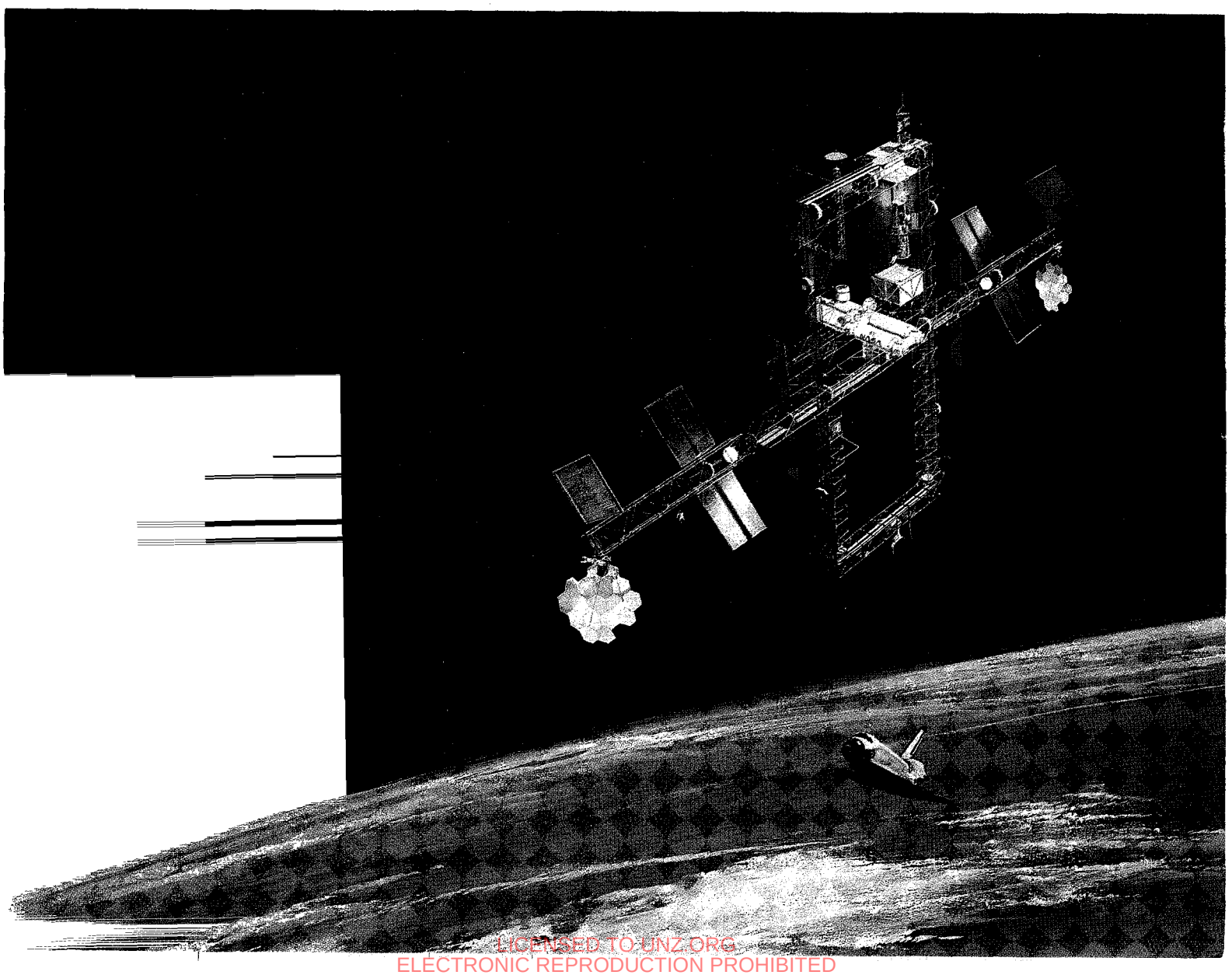

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mament would eliminate the chance of a nuclear exchange, Lackey argues, and render a Soviet strike less likely. Moreover, he says, unilateral disarmament would *not* increase America's risk. Using atomic weapons against a non-nuclear U.S would only result in "diplomatic losses" for the USSR and, by irradiating Nebraska, force the Soviets to buy expensive wheat from Argentina. (Far be it from the Soviets to blackmail Argentina, apparently.) What about the danger of the Soviets using their nuclear monopoly to blackmail the United States? Against this worry, Lackey deploys a truly extraordinary argument. There has never been an historical example of successful nuclear blackmail, *including Hiroshima and Nagasaki*, he says, because "the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki had almost no effect on events leadings to the surrender of Japan." Japan surrendered, according to Lackey, because the USSR entered the war against them.

The ultimate question is, what is a nice philosopher doing in a place like this?—a blind alley where purportedly analytical arguments hinge on convenient readings of history, and where philosophers massage numbers to yield the answers they want to hear in the first place. I asked Lackey that question. He responded by saying that Bertrand Russell had devoted hundreds of pages to proving 2 + 2 = 4. The trouble with this analogy is that no one doubts 2 + 2 = 4. The question is, Why? Russell's task was to justify certainty, not to hide uncertainty beneath a bushel of jargon. I talked to a number of nuclear ethicists besides Lackey, and they were all quite willing to concede that the leap from philosophical premises to public policy conclusions had to be bridged by "uncomfortably quasi-empirical questions," but they do not seem overly disturbed by this fact. Lackey and others equably pointed out that precisely the same holds true of medical ethics, business ethics, and other areas of "applied ethics." Just so. They were somewhat more defensive when I pointed out they frequently skewed empirical evidence to fit pre-ordained conclusions. Lackey conceded that his argument about Hiroshima was the "weakest" part of his paper, but he explained that this was because the editor of the journal in which it first appeared (it has since been anthologized over a dozen times) had removed most of his supplementary documentation to save space.

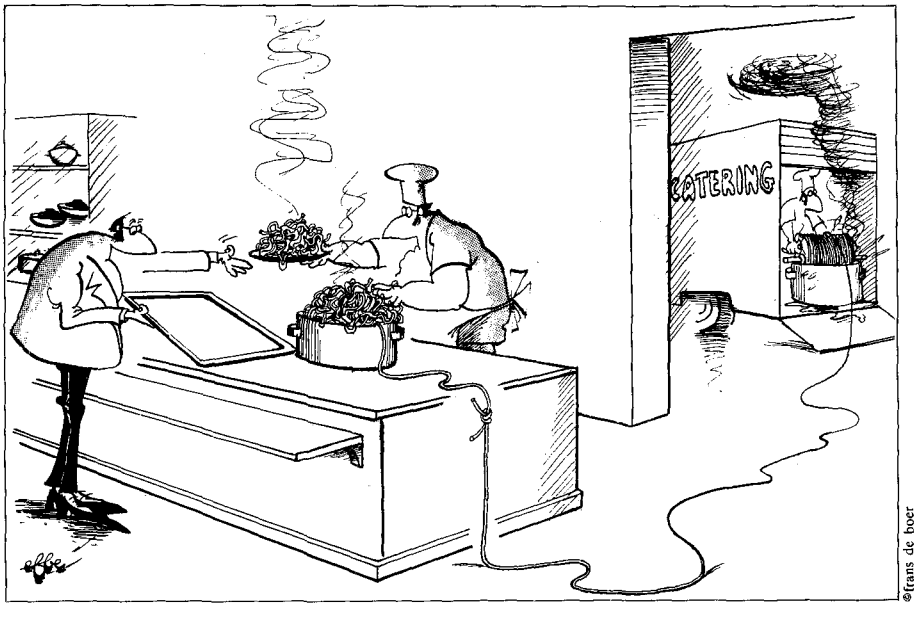
Marketable Truths

GREGORY KAVKA said the tendentious tone of some of the writing on nuclear ethics, a tone so uncharacteristic of other kinds of philosophy, results from the mix of motives that draw philosophers to these topics. Some are motivated by purely intellectual interest, while others are emotionally driven to nuclear ethics to combat the "irrationality" of the arms race. Lackey himself acknowledged feeling an occasional "impulse toward advocacy," admitting he had written *Moral Principles and Nuclear Weapons* as "a concerned citizen's response to [President Jimmy] Carter's PD 59 [which began retargeting away from countervalue to counterforce]." Nobody I spoke to could explain to me just what philosophers could add to the debate about nuclear strategy except the generally high quality of their minds—a point on which all nuclear ethicists agree.

The amalgam of aridity and perverseness I have been discussing is a result of a shift in the accepted purpose of moral philosophy. The ancient Greeks began to reflect upon (as opposed to merely obeying) ethical rules in order to discover "the good life for man." But despite the elevated tone of this quest, it became clear to Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle that experts on how to live are rather scarce, and that "expertise in wisdom"—over and above expertise in specific skills or areas of inquiry—might not even make sense. Thus sobered, philosophers became less concerned to *prescribe* from some putative absolute standpoint than to *describe*, and analyze and systematize, the actual moral convictions of ordinary, well-informed persons. Like such other branches of philosophy as the philosophy of science and the philosophy of mathematics, moral philosophy emerged as a second-order activity riding piggyback on the first conduct of life. To the limited extent that moral philosophy remained prescriptive, it did so by advising consistency in the application of first-order moral principles or by seeking to justify the most general of those first-order principles. By mid twentieth century, questions about "the good life for man" had been completely displaced by logical questions about the kinds of evidence relevant to moral claims, and the differences between descriptive and prescriptive language.

Things changed during the 1960s and 1970s. Philosophers, stung by charges of "irrelevance," attempted to vindicate themselves by producing important truths somehow inaccessible to anyone else. In *A Theory of Justice*, a work which assumed the status of a classic in a matter of months, John Rawls attempted to ground the welfare state on "moral geometry." Philosophy had once again become a source of *a priori* moral insight.

During the Sixties a second, equally important change occurred. Ethics abandoned its traditional concern with individual conduct and became preoc-



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cupied with the critique of institutions, especially American ones. The focus of ethics shifted from honesty, courage, and private charity to pollution, affirmative action, and military intervention.

Moral philosophy offered itself as a guidebook for judges, generals, government officials, and foundations officers. As Christina Hoff Sommers has written:

> Applying ethics to modern life [has become] mainly a question of learning how to be for or against social and institutional policies. Appropriately enough, many of the articles sound like briefs written for a judge or legislator. . . . The primary emphasis is not on what one is to do as a person but on what one is to believe as a member of society —in other words, on ideology and doctrine rather than on personal responsibility and practical decency. . . . The contemporary university moralist is concerned with what we are to advocate, vote for, protest against, and endorse.

These tendencies have fully fused in the new subject of nuclear ethics. Douglas Lackey speaks with literally disarming candor when he describes the functions of the moral critic as "tell[ing] the politicians and the experts when they have crossed over the line, when they have suggested something that simply ought not be done. At that point, the moral critic intervenes and tells the expert: 'You cannot do that, because that is wrong.' If the expert asks what should be done, the moral critic simply replies, 'You must think of something else.' " Lackey is assuming, in other words, that the "moral critic" has access to moral wisdom quite unavailable to "experts," wisdom which need have nothing to do with and might well be at variance with the considered judgment of the community. This is what at one time was referred to derisively as "news from nowhere."

The Dissenting Mob

THERE IS nothing disreputable about educated people, philosophers included, taking up important issues of their day. In this century, John Dewey helped expose the Moscow Trials, and Bertrand Russell was heard on just about everything for seven decades. But on the face of it, the emphasis on analysis and *a priori* reasoning characteristic of philosophy suggests that academic philosophers might not be especially suited to adjudicating practical controversies. Plato's detailed horticultural plans for his Utopia are a curiosity today, and Leibniz's deductive proof of the right of Phillip of Neuberg to the Polish throne is as close as one gets to a philosophical hoot.

With a handful of exceptions from the late 1970s, the bulk of nuclear ethics has been produced since the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980. H-bombs were just as destructive thirty years ago, yet thirty years ago no philosophers were working overtime to deduce conditions for their use. In other words, the surge in concern about atomic weapons is not a response to nuclear weapons, but to Ronald Reagan. Philosophers, accustomed to thinking of themselves as dissenters and gadflies in the spirit of Socrates, are simply following what is by now an academic mob. □

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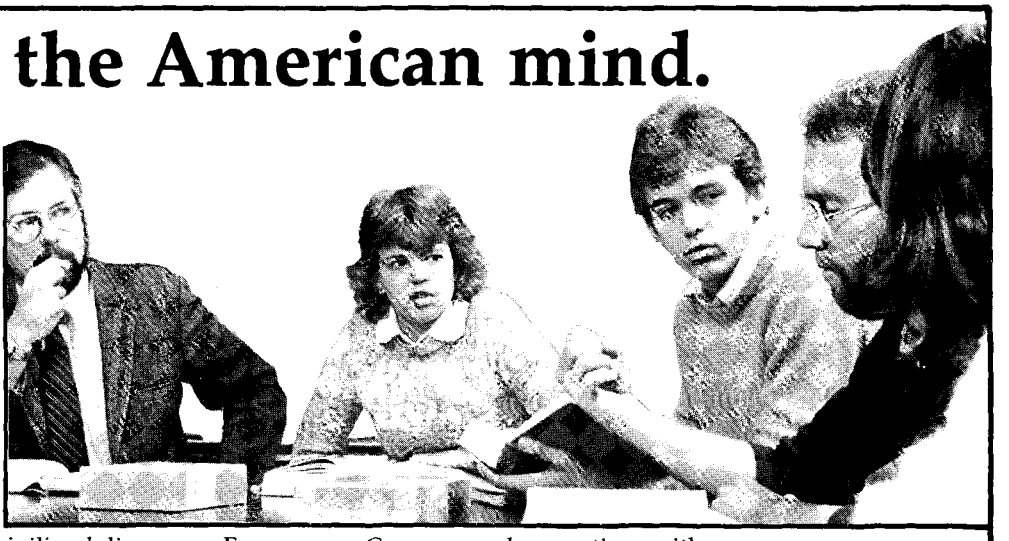

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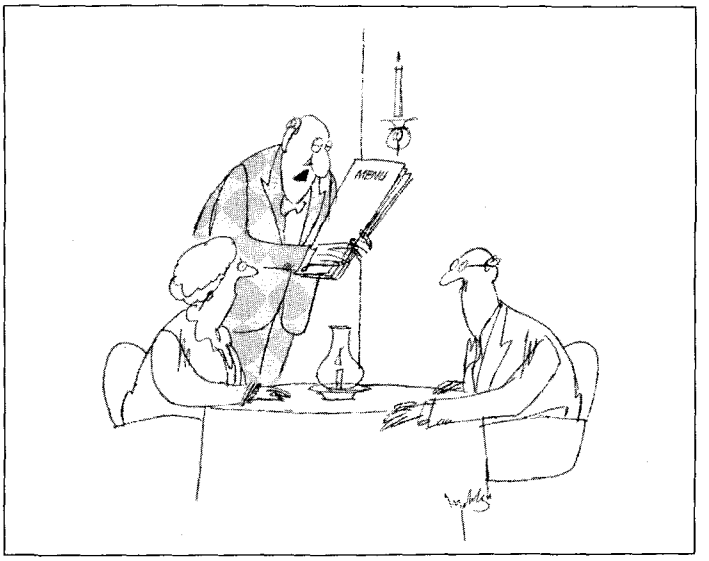
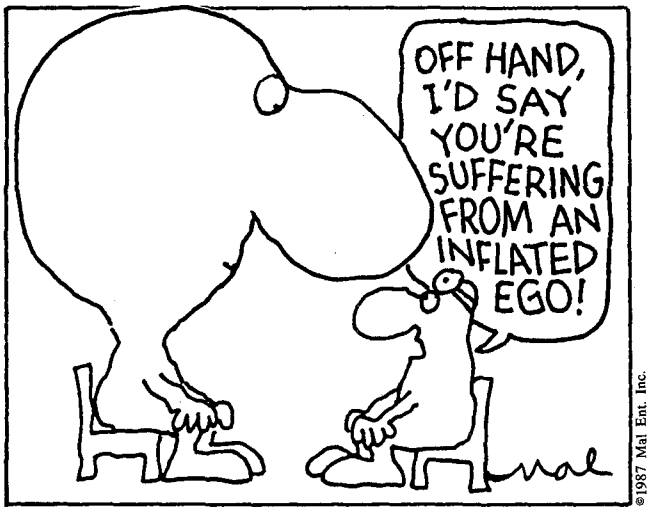


"Herbivores or carnivores?"

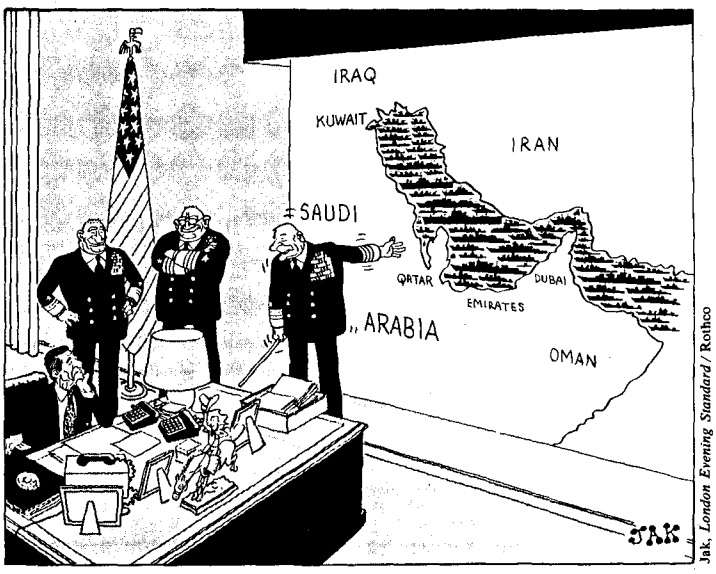


Our Long, Long Election

Oh, for hotel suites that stank from cigars,
Where, after bellying up to the bars,
Pols wearing pinky rings gathered to choose
Candidates sporting conventional views.
After one weekend, we'd get "a man who . . ."
Then, like St. Nick, the whole mob would skiddoo.

W. H. VON DREELE

"Miss Nisbett, bring me whatever you have filed under 'Gravity, Law of.' "



"Three more destroyers and the Iranians won't find the room to put more mines in!"

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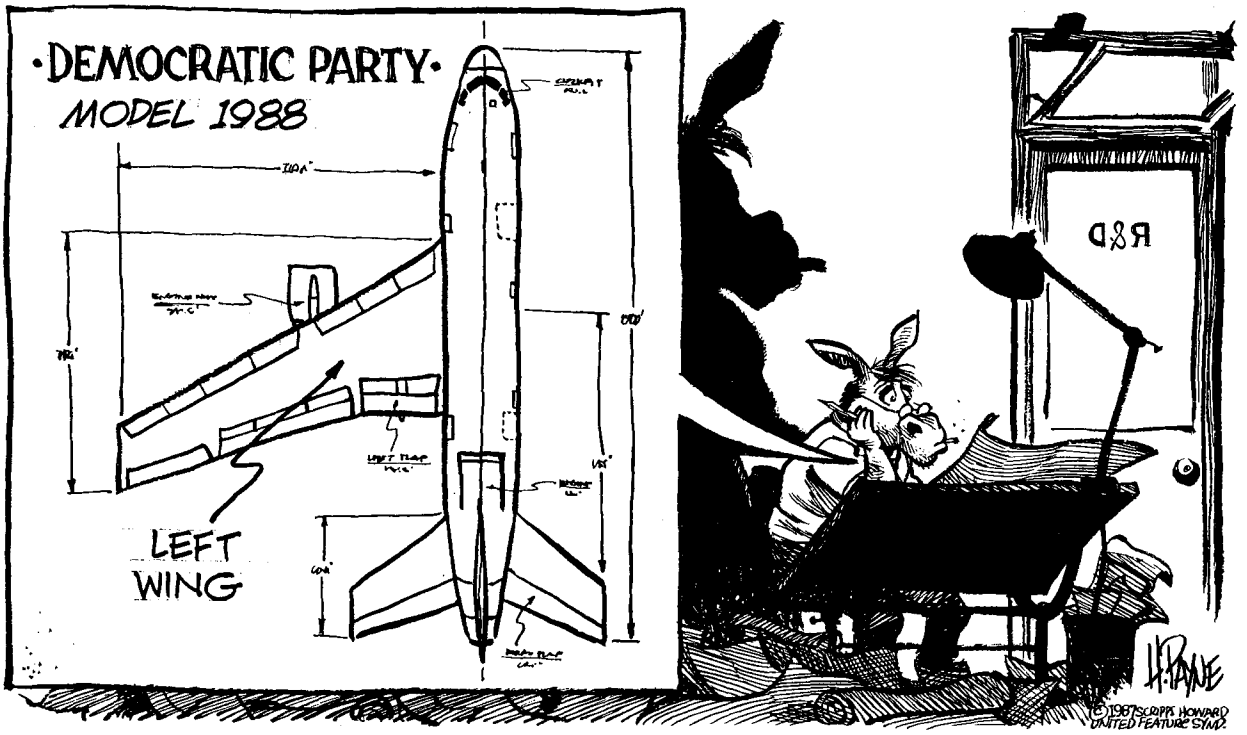

BACK AT THE DRAWING BOARD...

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GORBACHEV'S DILEMMA

One swallow does not make a spring. And one prompt TASS report of rioting in Central Asia does not make a free Soviet press. But among Kremlin watchers it is certainly a noteworthy occurrence—as if, say, a California condor showed up at Capistrano. Not since the 1920s, when the Russian Civil War sputtered and flickered out, has Soviet officialdom confirmed instances of open rebellion. In 1962 when food riots broke out in Novocherkassk and Novorossiysk, and the KGB gunned down people waiting in food lines, the West did not learn of it for years, and then only via dissident samizdat reports.

So when, on December 18, 1986, Moscow television viewers were treated to prime-time coverage of anti-Russian mobs rioting in Alma Ata after the head of the Kazakhstan Communist Party was replaced by an ethnic Russian, Kremlin ornithologists had something to coo about.

And when Gorbachev telephones the Nobel Prize-winner Andrei Sakharov —who had been living in "internal exile" in the town of Gorky, 250 miles east of Moscow—to invite him to come to the Kremlin to meet prominent foreign guests; when he frees 180 or so political prisoners from the Gulag; and when denunciations of brutal KGB officers appear on Moscow's front pages—then it is as if a whole flock of condors flew into Capistrano.

Glasnost, it appears, is more than a propaganda device. The evidence suggests it is Gorbachev's genuine attempt to find a way out of the box in which the Soviet Union finds itself. Rhett Ludwikowski, a Polish law professor who defected to America after the 1981 martial-law declaration, described Gorbachev's dilemma succinctly: "The paradox of Communism is that, without totalitarian methods, the system can hardly survive, but with them, its rotten foundations cannot be restructured. Totalitarianism is a weapon that cuts both ways: it defends the ruling bureaucratic Party elite but, on the other hand, undermines the pillars on which the power of this elite is based."

In Polish coal mines, says Dr. Ludwikowski, managers spent precious dollars borrowed from the West to import machines that mix rocks and dirt with coal; apparent output doubled, and the managers met their quotas. There surely must be days—maybe the morning after Chernobyl—when Gorbachev wishes he could buy a Kremlin equivalent of the *Washington Post* and find out what is going on in his socialist wonderland.

Gorbachev may be the last person to know what he has begun and where the process of *glasnost* will end. He may be the Stolypin or Necker of the *ancien régime*, a hapless reformer swept away by long-pent-up forces beyond anyone's control. But at least on the rhetorical level, a second Russian revolution has erupted. A sampling of Gorbachev's recent pronouncements:

—To a closed conclave of forty Soviet writers on June 19, 1986: "The restructuring is progressing with great difficulty. We have no opposition party. How then can we control ourselves? Only through criticism and self-criticism. Most important—through *glasnost*. We're learning here, too. We're restructuring everything, from the General Secretary to the rank-and-file Communist. Democratism without *glasnost* does not exist. At the same time, democracy without limits is anarchy. That's why it will be difficult."

—To the Party's 307-member Central Committee on January 27, 1987, when Gorbachev proposed secret-ballot elections of senior Communist Party officials and promotions of non-Party persons to "leading positions": "The time has come for change, for democratizing the process of management formation," he said. Three weeks later in Riga, Gorbachev cited a recent electoral experiment in Kemerovo Oblast, in Siberia, where the vote was 29 to 20 in a two-candidate election. "The candidates themselves admitted that they fretted through this period. That is what elections are all about."

—To five thousand trade-union members in Moscow on February 25: "So, it is either democracy or social inertia and conservatism. There is no third way, comrades. . . . We need democracy to rearrange many things in our life, to give greater scope to the creativity of people, to new ideas and initiatives."

—To a June meeting of high-ranking Hungarian Communists: "Almost everything that happened in the Soviet Union between 1928 and 1983 was wrong and must be corrected."

In July 1986, the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* published a "comprehensive analysis of the Soviet economy today," leaked to the West by "a group of Soviet citizens with access to objective information." They forecast "a further weakening of the USSR's international position and its decline into a second-rate power; and deepening contradictions between the members of the socialist commonwealth . . . The USSR is now on the path to becoming one of the underdeveloped nations." Western correspondents and analysts were reluctant to credit this sensational document but, unbeknownst to the West, Gorbachev was making the same kind of speeches in closed Kremlin meetings.

Gorbachev's conversion was spurred by the stagnation that threatens Soviet pre-eminence in the world. Unique among developed nations, the Soviet Union has experienced a decline in life expectancy, from 70 to 68 years. More than a fourth of all pregnancies end

Mr. Methvin is a senior editor at Reader's Digest.

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*Barry Goldwater: "Extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice." *Ronald Reagan's "Choice" speech for Goldwater. *Buckley and Reagan debating the Panama Canal Treaty. They're all in "The Conservatives," along with much more.

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Praise From Reagan, Buchanan

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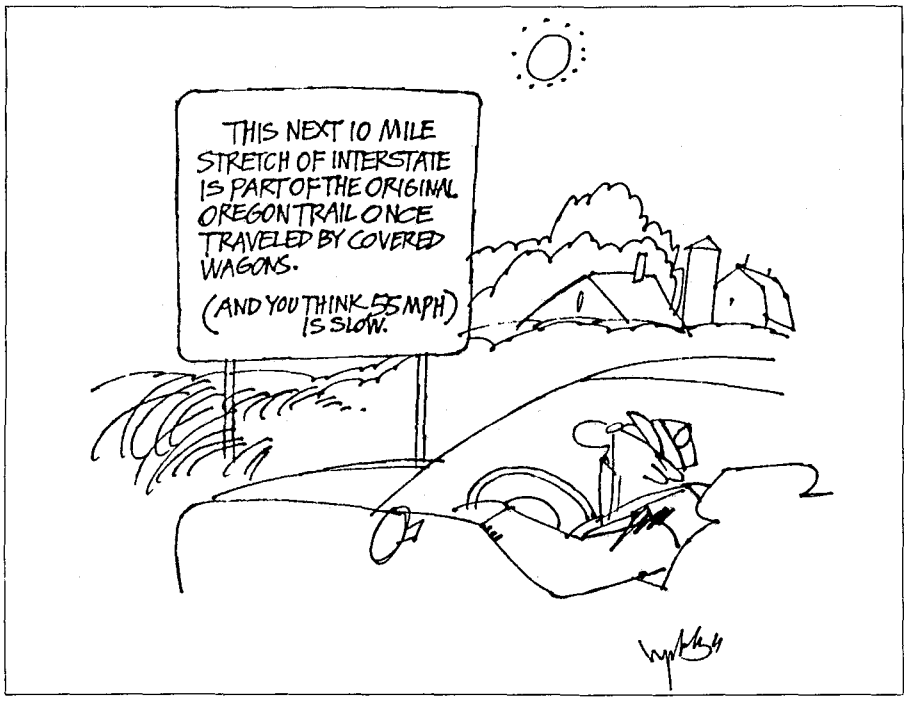
in abortion, and a third of all marriages dissolve in divorce. Vital statistics became so embarrassing that the Soviets simply quit publishing them. By their own reports, they admit to forty million medically certified alcoholics. And émigré doctors report that the government has set up special institutions to care for an epidemic of congenitally brain-damaged infants of alcoholic mothers; by the end of the 1970s an estimated 6 to 7 per cent of births were defective and the rates are predicted to reach 15 per cent by the 1990s. "Of all the failures of political and economic theory in this century," wrote James Reston in early 1986, "the Soviet failure is the most spectacular." At the same time, Soviet rebel expatriate Vladimir Bukovsky told a Washington audience: "They have to change, and they know it."

Advocates of *glasnost* find sustenance in the voluminous writings of Lenin and Marx. Dissident historian Roy A. Medvedev unearthed the long-buried remark by Lenin, "We need complete, truthful information. And the truth should not depend on whom it is to serve." And the massive Moscow edition of the holy scriptures of Marx and Engels printed an impassioned attack on censorship in which Marx proclaimed: "Without freedom of the press all other freedoms are illusory."

In practice, of course, Lenin brooked no criticism. For him, *glasnost* meant a strategy of information control—a rumor-fighting device useful for propaganda purposes. One of the czars had used the term in exactly the same fashion: when there are food riots, combat wild rumors with "facts."

Khrushchev was the first Soviet leader to call sincerely for greater candor, and like Gorbachev he did so for purely practical reasons. In 1964, Khrushchev spent billions of rubles in Siberia planting corn, a crop he fell in love with during a visit to Roswell Garst's Iowa farm. It failed miserably, leading Khrushchev to re-evaluate the utility of the doctrine of Party infallibility. Speaking to a group of Soviet agronomists, Khrushchev, acknowledged ruler of all he surveyed, half begged and half ordered scientists to criticize him when he was wrong about little details such as planting corn and wheat with the wrong fertilizers and in the wrong soils.

Brezhnev buried all thoughts of openness for twenty years, permitting only hosannas while Soviet society decayed. I shall never forget the morning in Munich in 1981 when I was visiting Radio Liberty, and *Pravda* brought the news that a leading Moscow ballet company was producing a ballet of Brezhnev's autobiography. The émigré who was Radio Liberty's chief cultural commentator erupted in bitter laughter. "And who," he asked, "gets to dance the role of Comrade Brezhnev? They will undoubtedly all have to take turns to share the honor!"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Such is the heritage Gorbachev seeks now to escape. An index of the depth of the change he has unleashed was the publication in the June 1987 *Novy Mir* of an article by the economist Nikolai Shmelyev lambasting Party propagandists and advocating free-market solutions:

> We must finally decide what is most important to us: to have enough of our own agricultural commodities or eternally pacify the loudmouths who would see us all equal in our poverty. . . . There is such a disgusting proliferation of the industrial ministries and they are so top-heavy with administrators they frequently have to invent something to do and actually end up interfering with the work of the enterprises. Lenin once wrote: "Everything is sinking in the lousy bureaucratic swamp of the ministries. The ministries are all s---, and so are their decrees." . . . Over the centuries humankind has found no more effective measure of work than profit. Our suspicious attitude toward profit is a sort of historical misunderstanding, because of the economic illiteracy of people who thought that socialism would eliminate profit and loss. In fact, the criterion of profit under socialism is in no way tainted; it simply tells you whether you are working well or not . . . Economics has its own laws that are just as terrible to violate as the laws of the atomic reactor in Chernobyl.

Revolutionary talk indeed.

Almost as fascinating as the unfolding "Gorbachev Revolution" is the reaction of America's Kremlin-watchers. Speaking as much to himself as to his readers, *New York Times* columnist Anthony Lewis gushed, "One must react cautiously, without gushing." What was surprising was that so few did gush, and so many expressed a Missouri-like "show me" mulishness. *New York Times* editor-turned-columnist A. M. Rosenthal, who won a Pulitzer and an expulsion notice for his work as a correspondent in Poland, set up tests for *glasnost* under Gorbachev. Let's wait, he said, until Gorbachev puts KGB big-shots on trial; until he arrests the men who sent Anatoly Shcharansky to jail and Sakharov into exile; until a released Soviet prisoner knows he will never be arrested and tortured again. "It really is not Mr. Gorbachev who troubles me," opined Rosenthal. "It is the enthusiasm with which his every twitch is greeted in the West."

In Washington, Dimitri K. Simes of the Carnegie Endowment for Interna-

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tional Peace pointed out that Nikita Khrushchev liberated millions of concentration-camp inmates, and also publicly attacked abuses of the security services. "No criticism of the KGB whatsoever is allowed under Gorbachev," said Simes. Lo and behold, the very next week *Pravda* printed an astonishing page-one announcement by the chief of the KGB to the effect that the senior KGB officer in the Ukraine had been fired for the illegal arrest last July of a local newspaper reporter who exposed corruption in coal mining. Mr. Simes, perhaps a mite dazzled at his own power, next advised Gorbachev that he could really rattle the West and perhaps win a Nobel Peace Prize by tearing down the Berlin Wall. When last heard from, the Wall still stands.

But Gorbachev himself hailed the public criticism of the KGB, and the official press now regularly denounces other instances of "police brutality" with sufficient vigor and detail to make an ACLU lawyer salivate. In one case reported recently, the KGB beat a confession of murder out of a man, then shot him, only to discover his confession had been false and they had got the wrong man.

Despite the skeptical reception *glasnost* received in some quarters, Zbigniew Brzezinski spoke for many old cold-warriors when he greeted Sakharov's release by declaring: "I think we are on the eve of something very significant, perhaps even momentous, happening in the Soviet Union." Sakharov himself said: "I don't know what Gorbachev wants personally, but there are a number of people at the top who understand that without democratization, all of his goals in the economic sphere, in the industrial sphere, in the international sphere, cannot succeed."

UNDERSTANDING Sakharov is a key to evaluating *glasnost*. Indeed, Sakharov had been exiled in the first place for advocating the very policy of "openness" that Gorbachev now champions. Andrei Sakharov burst upon the world stage in July 1968, with the publication of a ten-thousand-word essay, "Thoughts about Progress, Peaceful Co-Existence, and Intellectual Freedom." In it he argued that world peace and Soviet progress both depend upon the development of intellectual and political freedom in the Soviet Union.

"Today the key to a progressive restructuring of the system of government in the interests of mankind lies in intellectual freedom," he wrote. He praised Solzhenitsyn for his fight against censorship: "Incompetent censorship destroys the living soul of Soviet literature; but the same applies, of course, to all other manifestations of social thought, causing stagnation and dullness and preventing fresh and deep ideas. Such ideas, after all, can arise only in discussion, in the face of objections, only if there is a potential possibility of expressing not only true, but also dubious ideas. This was clear to the philosophers of ancient Greece, and hardly anyone nowadays would have any doubts on that score. But after fifty years of complete domination over the minds of an entire nation, our leaders seem to fear even allusions to such a discussion."

Alas for Sakharov, the Stalinists prevailed over the next two decades. In 1975 Sakharov received the Nobel Peace Prize, but at about the same time the KGB began a vicious and subtle campaign to destroy the dissident movement. In January 1980, a month after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, Sakharov was hustled away to exile in Gorky. Yet despite the KGB's best efforts, he managed to smuggle occasional articles to the outside world.

In those statements we can see his own thinking evolve, as the situation in his country degenerated. As Soviet stagnation became more obvious, so did the case for *glasnost*, Sakharov's watchword.

In his first Gorky article he praised the Carter Administration's strong reaction to the Afghanistan invasion. "Economic and political sanctions are extremely important; they can help strengthen the hand of the more responsible, non-dogmatic members of the Soviet leadership," he wrote. He also reviewed the rise in alcoholism and decay of Soviet economic performance, concluding:

> It is no longer possible to explain away all these problems as a result of the war or occasional mistakes. There is an urgent need for economic reforms that would increase the independence of enterprises and allow elements of a mixed economy. There is need for more freedom of information, a free and critical press, freedom for people to travel abroad . . . In the long run, there should probably be a multiparty system and elimination of Party monopoly over all ideological, political, and economic life.

When Gorbachev frees such a man, and when Soviet television studios facilitate satellite transmission of interviews with him by American television networks, something significant is happening in the Kremlin.

IN A 1920 speech Lenin declared: "Why should freedom of speech and freedom of press be allowed? Why should a government which is doing what it believes is right allow itself to be criticized? It would not allow opposition by lethal weapons. Ideas are much more fatal things than guns."

The answer to Lenin's question is, as Gorbachev has discovered, that a government doing what it believes is right might be wrong, and subjecting itself to criticism is a good way to find out on the cheap. After the October Revolution the venerable old revolutionary Vladimir Korolenko, who had but a few months to live, sent a series of letters to the People's Commissar: "Such things as freedom of conscience, assembly, speech, and the press are, for European proletarians, not mere 'bourgeois prejudices' but necessary tools which mankind has arrived at only through lengthy and not unfruitful struggle and progress. Only you who have never fully known these freedoms nor learned to use them jointly with the people can call them 'bourgeois prejudice.'"

Gorbachev is trying to cope with the ultimate source of the crisis of any totalitarian system: Soviet feedback channels are clogged. One cannot have the benefits of independent critics without conceding some immunity to those critics, and accepting some limits on the government's power to silence them. The utility of free speech is evident, it seems, to Gorbachev. But "the fleas come with the dog." One cannot enjoy the fruits of freedom without freedom, or its efficiencies without its discomforts. Without it, the Soviets are condemned to play eternal catchup with the open societies of the world. This is Gorbachev's dilemma, and it is insoluble: he cannot be both infallible and informed. □

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GERMANY: A SNAPSHOT

EVER SINCE 1918 Germany has been the sick heart of a sick Continent. Its first thrombosis occurred in 1933, followed by major surgery in 1945.

The German experience of division could be compared to an American's waking up one day to discover that his country ended at the Mississippi; that the area between "the Father of Rivers" and the Rockies had become a Japanese protectorate, and the Far West a Japanese colony; while the remaining free East depended desperately upon the support of the United States of Europe.

One must try to imagine what such a traumatized geographic consciousness means on a national level. The trauma has now become visible in the clash between the two Christian sister-parties, the Christian Democratic Union and the Bavarian-based Christian Social Union, over nuclear disarmament. Franz Josef Strauss of the CSU opposed sacrificing West Germany's Pershing IIs, which Chancellor Kohl and his Free Democratic allies (hesitatingly) favored. Although the German man in the street sees in this phase of nuclear disarmament a step in the right direction, thoughtful people understand very well that fear of an atomic war has given Europe 42 years of something resembling peace and that the West is very ill-equipped for a conventional war. And the rest of Europe's fate depends heavily on Germany's: the Dutch border is just 150 miles from the Werra River, where Soviet tanks wait patiently. There is also the fear that a nuclear agreement between the U.S. and the USSR might signal the beginning of a new wave of American isolationism, and the dreaded "decoupling" (*Abkoppelung*).

The CSU's protests over disarmament are only the tip of an iceberg of differences. The CSU is a truly conservative party, a party of the Right, whereas the CDU claims that it belongs to the "center." The CDU suffered grave defeats in the recent Bremen and Schleswig-Holstein elections, and the CSU is convinced that this occurred primarily because the CDU kept too low an ideological profile. To make matters worse, a frightful scandal arose from accusations by a press aide, in the magazine *Der Spiegel*, that Uwe Barschel, head of the Schleswig-Holstein CDU, had ordered "dirty tricks" against his Social Democratic opponent. (Barschel was later found dead in a Geneva hotel room.) The accuser himself had a very sleazy past, and the whole affair reminds one of the Weimar Republic.

Among human beings, ideology is unavoidable, and the question merely remains whether it is to have a high or a low profile. True conservatives in northern Germany are disgusted by the lack of principle that marks the CDU. Is it really a Christian party? Or is it merely aiming at the numerically dominant "average voter" and his appetites, banalities, egotisms, mental weaknesses, and clichés born of ignorance? The CSU leaders think that even in a mass democracy it pays to show character and conviction. The CSU has the added advantage of a background firmly rooted in Bavarian tradition: Bavaria is the only German *Land*, except for Schleswig-Holstein and the two Hanseatic cities, that has kept its old borders, all the other *Länder* having been established arbitrarily after World War II.

All this has come up in connection with the welcome given Comrade Erich Honecker on his visit to the Federal Republic, and the attitude of the West German Minister of Labor, Robert Blum, on his recent trip to Chile. Blum vociferously protested against Chilean violations of human rights; Strauss considered this a grave mistake and thundered against Blum. Are prisoners manhandled and tortured in Chile? They are. But the same things happen in other countries—in liberal Austria, for example, where the head of the police recently told an interviewer that he could not prevent his men from beating up prisoners. Almost everywhere the indignation of simple policemen is stronger than the sacred concept of law and order. One would think that the state visit of Honecker, who officially sanctions the shooting of Germans who want to flee from one part of Germany to the other, should scandalize Blum more than misdeeds committed at the other end of the world.

GERMAN reunification is still far off because it depends, not upon the people living in the area, nor upon their governments, but upon the masters of a Eurasian empire. As soon as a radical change occurs in Moscow, the two Germanies will coalesce—though whether that will happen in this century is another question.

1988 is going to be a year of historic reminiscences. Fifty years have passed since the "Anschluss," and some Austrians want to mournfully commemorate this anniversary. (Masochism, named after the Austrian Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, is a national vice.) And 1989 is looming, with the bicentenary of the French Revolution. Bernard Antony, a French member of the European Parliament, has already warned that assembly *not* to celebrate that fatal event and its systematic genocides, which fathered the very idea of national and international socialism.

There are a few consoling factors for Germans and Frenchmen, one being the present joint maneuvers of the French and German armies in the southern part of the Federal Republic. Although it happened a long, long time ago, it nevertheless remains a fact that Charlemagne once ruled over both nations, and was revered by French and Germans alike. □

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The other day we met a smart-looking young matron who asked a question heard often nowadays:

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But it *is*, you know. We went through all the go-find-pencil-and-paper, what's-the-ZIP-again?, do-I-send-it-to-you? business—and it made us realize again just how handy (not to mention effective) it is to have available at such choice moments a little card like the one facing this page.

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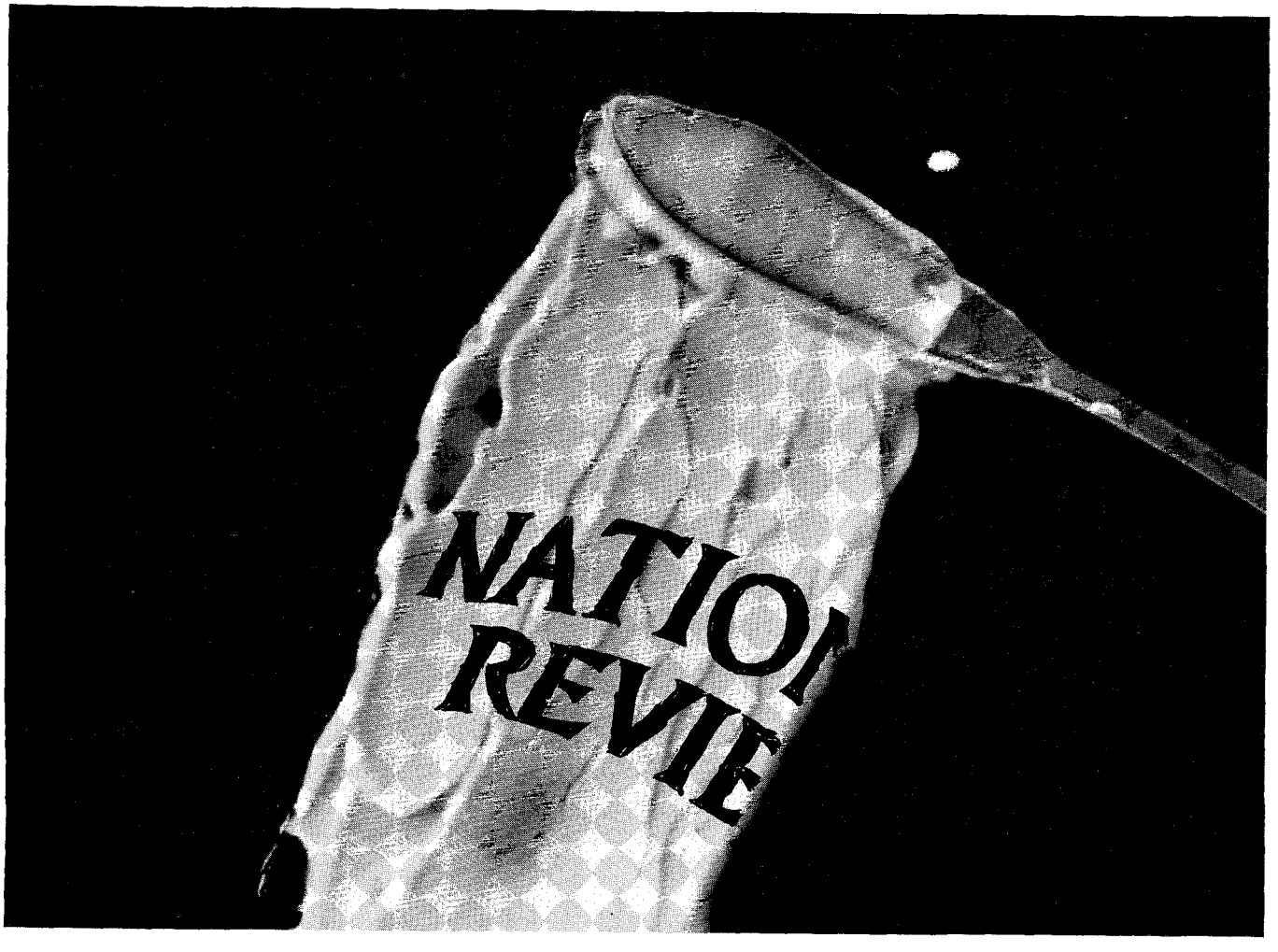
Many thanks.



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TRUE BELIEVERS

Victor Gold

Veil: The Secret Wars of the CIA, 1981-1987, by Bob Woodward (Simon & Schuster, 543 pp., $21.95)

"It's obvious that he was always deceiving, lying, breaking the rules and the law."

—Bob Woodward on William Casey, the Today *show, October 8, 1987*

"I found it terribly sad. I had affection for him."

—Bob Woodward on the death of William Casey, People *magazine, October 12, 1987*

BOB, CAN YOU hear me? If so, nod your head.

Good. Never mind how I got into your room and no point trying to ring for the nurse. She's out to lunch. Ditto the doctors, your family, and your pals from the *Post*. Remember that hospital scene in *The Godfather*? The one where Michael Corleone comes to visit the Don and finds the halls empty, the place deserted? Well, that's how it is now, Bob. Just you, me, and the bedpans—the way it was with you and Casey back in 1987.

Back in '87. Eons ago. You were just into your fifth exposé, before the blockbuster on Mother Teresa. God, how time flies! One day you're a young metro reporter, the next, you're the world's most celebrated muckraker. Remember? Nixon called you a liar. Warren Burger said you were out of order. John Belushi's wife claimed you betrayed a confidence. Hustling Bob Woodward. Your critics might fault your writing, but nobody this side of Sidney Sheldon ever had your knack for hyping a book.

In your time you did it all, Bob, Hollywood East to Hollywood West, while wide-eyed journalism students watched your every move. More than Seymour H., more even than Hunter T., you made yourself the role model for the twenty-first-century reporter. You were the trailblazer: we worship at your shrine. Or will, as soon as they get around to building it; which, judging from your jaundiced look, shouldn't be too long now.

Hey, pal, no offense intended. Just a wee joke between acolyte and master. I have this job, you see, and thought it might go easier if we loosened up a bit. The job? To get the real story-behind-the-stories. I've got this book contract. Working title: *The Secret Ploys of Bob Woodward, 1973-2010.* Kind of a text on the art of hustling docu-fiction. Sees all, tells all.

For example, right off the top: Was there really a Deep Throat? Squeeze my hand if your answer is yes.

Del Bach

Hmmm . . . I didn't think so. Just a pump-primer for that first book, right? That was always your genius, Bob. You knew from the start how the Washington mind works:

—Want to do a book on a big-name target? Best way to begin is by talking to his enemies, people with axes to hone, agendas to peddle. (What better way to start work on a book about William Casey than by going to Stansfield Turner, the malcontent ex-admiral who wanted Casey's CIA job but was turned down by Reagan?)

—Want to get folks talking up a book in the media? Give the press a party game to play. Decades later I can still hear the buzz . . . *Deep Throat, now who could it be? Haig? Kissinger? The White House sous-chef?* Quite a formula: keep 'em guessing about who your informant is and they'll never get around to considering whether the information itself isn't merely small-gauge gossip.

Take that business about you in Casey's hospital room, back in '87. Same pitch, just a different spin. Everybody asking everybody else, *Was he really in there with the old man, solo?*

Victor Gold is national correspondent for The American Spectator *and co-author of Vice President Bush's autobiography,* Looking Forward.

Henry Klingeman has written frequently for NATIONAL REVIEW. *His most recent article was "Angry and Stupid" (Oct. 9).*

David Klinghoffer is assistant book editor at NATIONAL REVIEW.

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RANDOM NOTES

☐ More November Titles: *The New Season: A Spectator's Guide to the 1988 Election* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), by George F. Will, prophesies an unpredictable political show next year, with no incumbent running for the Presidency, the Republicans trying to hang on to the Reagan constituency, and the Democrats trying to win back their strayed flocks. . . . In *The Life of the Party: Democratic Prospects in 1988 and Beyond* (Viking, $18.95), Robert Kuttner (a columnist for *Business Week* and the *Boston Globe*) argues that, in order to become once again the dominant political party, the Democrats must defeat *laissez-faire* interest-group liberalism and recommit themselves to populist economics and social justice achieved on behalf of what Mencken called "the plain people" by affirmative action and in the name of New Deal egalitarianism. . . . *Miss America, 1945: Bess Myerson's Own Story* (Newmarket/Harper & Row, $18.95), by Susan Dworkin, is part biography, part oral history, and no part about Miss Myerson's involvement in the New York political scandals. . . . More than a decade after the publication of a book called *The Decline of the WASP* comes *The WASP Mystique* (Donald I. Fine, $17.95), by Richard C. Robertiello, MD, and Diana Hoguet, deploring the fact that the WASP ethos remains so strong in America that ethnics of all kinds—including WASPs—strive compulsively to realize it.

Holy Terror: Inside the World of Islamic Terrorism (Adler & Adler, $19.95), by Amir Taheri, describes the Ayatollah Khomeini's Holy Terror crusade as "little more than a hodgepodge of medieval thought and methods borrowed from fascism and Communism," plus the bloody-minded fanaticism of fundamentalist Islam; portrays the Ayatollah as one of history's great haters; and includes an account of the organization and training of the Brides of Blood and the Volunteers for Martyrdom, among other, similar terrorist groups.

In *The Life below the Ground: A Study of the Subterranean in Literature and History* (Faber & Faber, $19.95), Wendy Lesser considers the underground as symbol in the works of novelists, playwrights, and movie scripters, from Dante to Dostoyevsky and on to Ralph Ellison and Richard Wright. —CW

Bob, I won't even ask you to squeeze my hand on that one. True, Mike Wallace and the National Capital press corps swallowed the story whole; but you'll never get me to believe that the world's best investigative reporter, having Godfathered the entire staff of Georgetown Hospital, plus the patient's family, not to mention a battalion of CIA guards, would waste his last crack at Bill Casey by asking a vapid question like, "You knew about the Contra diversion, didn't you? You knew all along."

Come on, Bob, reassure me. You were just putting your readers on, weren't you? Four dozen meetings with Bill Casey over a five-year period, and you didn't know the answer to *that* one? Then, to top it, your follow-up. But wait, let me reconstruct the scene. Woodward and Casey alone in Casey's hospital room . . .

"Scars from his craniotomy were still healing," you write. "He was so frail, at life's edge, and he knew, making a comment about death. 'I'm gone,' he said. I said no."

At which point, perfect timing, you popped the Contra question.

"His head jerked up hard. He stared, and finally nodded yes."

And then . . . and then . . .

" 'Why?' I asked."

Why? You really asked *why*? Casey with craniotomy scars, frail, at life's edge, only able to *nod* yes before his head falls back on the pillow, and all you ask is a question fit for a ten-page deposition? But, of course, you knew the answer before you asked, didn't you, Bob? You knew that Casey would simply say . . .

" 'I believed.' "

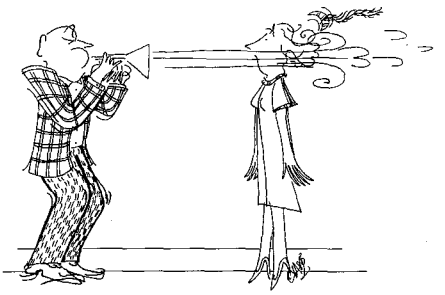
What?

" 'I believed.' "

"Then he was asleep and I didn't get to ask another question."

So neat, so tidy. Just, "I believed." That's the beauty of docu-fiction, isn't it? You can depend on your interview subjects to say exactly what you need them to say to round off your story, to make your point. Especially when they're not around to review the transcript.

" 'I believed.' " And so do I, Bob, so do all your acolytes.



Really.

We find your condition terribly sad. We have affection for you.

But tell me the truth: It was all a put-on, right? Just a test run to find out how far you could stretch it, before taking on Mother Teresa?

Nod your head if your answer is yes.

Hmmm . . . I thought so. ☐

A BRIEF BUT DEADLY HISTORY

Henry Klingeman

And the Band Played On, by Randy Shilts (St. Martin's, 630 pp., $24.95)

When Randy Shilts finished *And the Band Played On*, he must have known the damage his account might inflict on gay politics. While Shilts blames the Reagan Administration for ignoring the deaths of thousands of homosexuals and attacks the Christian Right for seeing AIDS as God's plague on homosexuals, his focus is the homosexual community. A gay reporter who has covered AIDS for the *San Francisco Chronicle* since 1982, Shilts is specially qualified to report this story, and his tale is not flattering.

If the U.S. Government had spent more money on AIDS research and care of AIDS patients, the virus might have been identified sooner, a test developed earlier, and some suffering marginally reduced; but no amount of money could have prevented the spread of the disease. That would have required behavioral changes and philosophical concessions that homosexuals were unwilling to make.

When the gravity of AIDS was first made clear to leaders of the gay community in 1982, Shilts reports, many of them seemed reluctant to give their followers the simple—but unpopular—advice to cease dangerous sexual practices and habits. The New York Gay Men's Health Crisis, the first non-scientific group devoted to fighting the disease, "had a hard time putting down the activities they had spent most of the past decade pursuing."

To many of the activists in *And the Band Played On*, promiscuity is a sign of political maturity, for homosexuality is nothing if not the rejection

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of traditional sexual behavior. Gay doctors who counseled against promiscuity for purely hygienic reasons were acidly labeled "monogamists." The issue of sexual liberty versus public health may seem absurd to heterosexual "monogamists." The failure of gay leaders and, more significantly, public-health officials in San Francisco and New York to press for closing the gay baths, however, allowed thousands of men to infect themselves with AIDS.

Shilts has tracked down dozens of stories of individual homosexuals, activists, and bathhouse proprietors who put their own sexual, political, and financial gratification over the lives of their gay brethren. One of the most intriguing characters in the book is "Patient Zero," the Canadian airline steward Gaetan Dugas, who scientists believe bears more responsibility for spreading AIDS than any other individual. Forty of the first 248 cases of AIDS could be traced to him; the first cases in New York and Los Angeles were linked to him; and as early as 1982, 11 AIDS cases could be traced from a single partner of Dugas.

AIDS researchers and gay activists identified Dugas while he was still alive. (He died in 1984.) Selma Dritz, a San Francisco public-health official, recalled a conversation she had with him in 1982. She asked him to stop deliberately infecting other people. "It's my right to do what I want to do with my own body," Dugas told her.

Dr. Dritz was one of the few public-health officials in either San Francisco or New York who urged radical action. As early as 1982 she wanted to close the baths, whose patrons averaged 2.7 partners a visit and had a 33 per cent chance of contracting syphilis or gonorrhea during a single visit before the onset of AIDS. By taking action at that time, when millions of gay men were infecting each other, it might have been possible to prevent many deaths. "After all, lives were at stake," Shilts writes. "A city health department that would yank a restaurant license for cockroach infestation certainly [should] pull a bathhouse license for fostering a far more lethal activity." Shilts believes that Mervyn Silverman, Director of the San Francisco Department of Public Health, resisted such suggestions because the gay political leadership, not to mention the general gay population,

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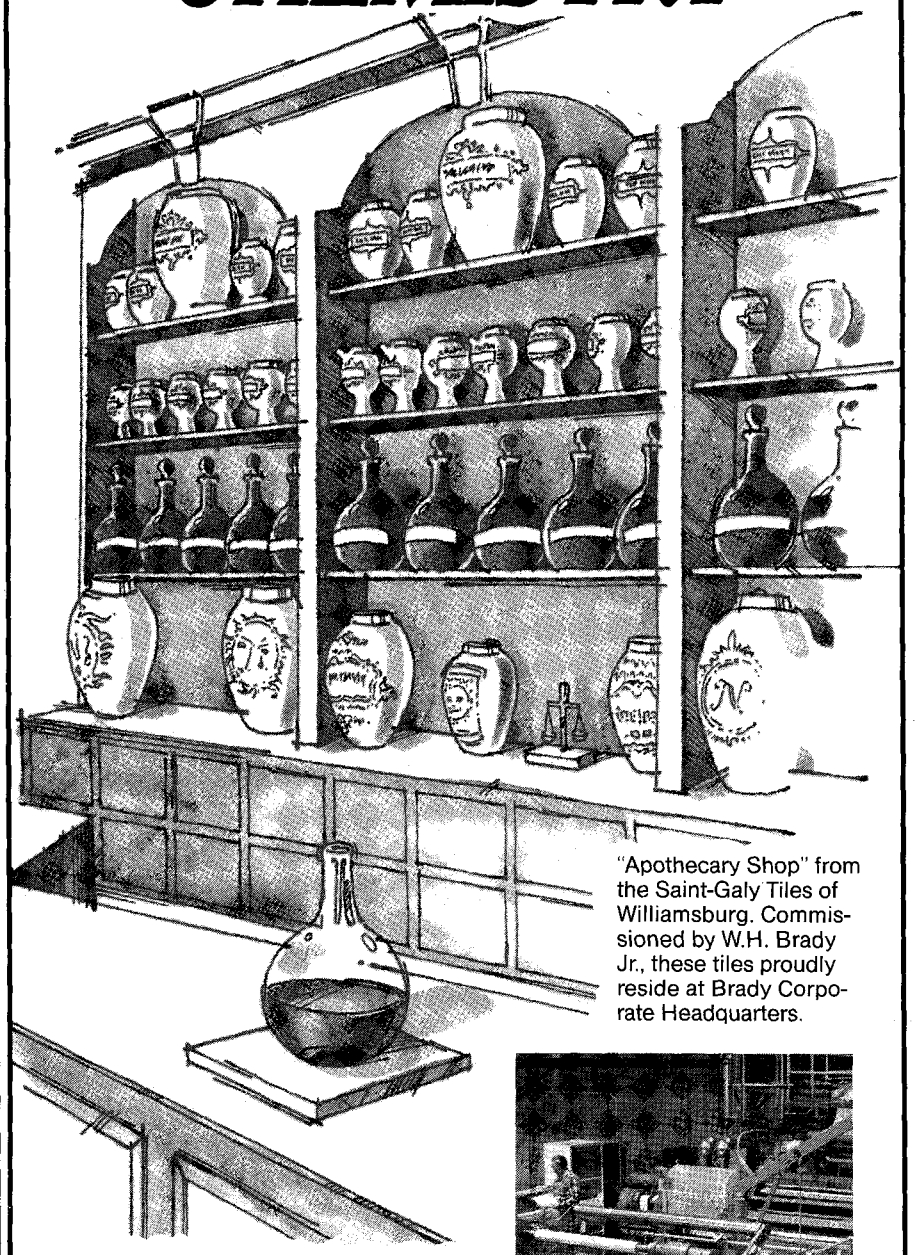

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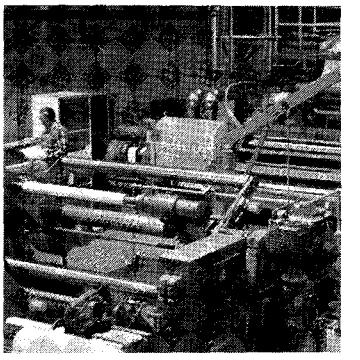

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wouldn't even consider the subject. It remained for gay leaders who understood the seriousness of AIDS to forge a consensus against the bathhouses and for "safe sex." This took precious time.

Shilts reports that gay sexual behavior has changed, and the latest statistics, after the book's publication, seem to bear him out. We are told that the spread of AIDS has slowed considerably among gays, and that, for example, in New York City more drug addicts than homosexual men are now afflicted with AIDS.

In an effort to attract government interest and popular support for AIDS research and patient care, homosexuals have long argued that AIDS is not a "gay disease." Now, this is in fact true. Unfortunately, from a public-relations standpoint, the other major risk group is intravenous-drug users. Because public approval for the activities that are the most common means of transmitting AIDS is low, much of the concern about AIDS has been paranoid and selfish.

The conservative response to AIDS, coverage of which Shilts limits to Reagan Administration policy and an unsympathetic portrayal of Jerry Falwell, has been schizophrenic. Some conservatives fear that AIDS researchers and gay activists have obscured the dangers that AIDS poses to the general population, while others eagerly point out that very few heterosexuals have contracted the disease, implying that the danger to them is exaggerated.

If both conservatives and homosexuals have a parochial interest in defending their ideologies, public-health officials are responsible for finding and applying practical solutions to the epidemic. In San Francisco, Mervyn Silverman's attitude—to do the politically correct thing (from the radical point of view) without regard to saving lives, even the lives of gays—prevailed long after common sense suggested it should have been discarded. While San Francisco has followed the gay line as closely as possible, Shilts documents the gay anger that has focused on New York's response. Now Mayor Ed Koch is arguing fiercely for advertisements urging condom use; some prominent gay activists, such as playwright Larry Kramer, say that Koch failed to take action in the past because he was a closet homosexual. Ironically, in previous election campaigns, Koch's alleged homosexuality has been fuel

for his anti-homosexual opponents in the New York Democratic Party.

Subtly, perhaps unwittingly, Shilts draws an ugly portrait of city governments. For instance, when he describes a New Year's Eve party in San Francisco, he casually mentions that a "supervisor was snorting cocaine in [the host's] bedroom," while the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence cavorted on the dance floor. Supervisors are the councilmen of San Francisco, the highest elected officials below the mayor, and therefore in charge of leading the fight against AIDS.

There are few heroes in *And the Band Played On*. Some AIDS sufferers show courage in the throes of their illness, and some homosexual activists fight the radical political tide and urge celibacy, but AIDS is a disease that would surely have caused less carnage had the interested parties acted differently. □

CURSE OF THE WHITE-BREAD YUPPIES

Richard Brookhiser

Curse of the Giant Muffins and Other Washington Maladies, by Michael Kinsley (Summit, 286 pp., $17.95)

OKAY, HERE'S the situation. Economic democracy is a crock. Fifty years of thought and experience have shown that the concept is meaningless, and, besides, one earns a nice living nowadays. The civil-rights movement wasn't a crock, but since blacks got the vote, what's there been to sweat about? Martin Luther King Day? The Vietnam War (the one over here, not in Hué) is history, and you wouldn't want to apply that set of assumptions to *all* our allies. The Middle East is always good for an issue, or two, or three, or four, but you have to put out fifty a year. So. What does a bright young spark for *The New Republic* do?

In part, it's a question of style. If you have normal temperamental and intellectual ballast, you become Morton Kondracke. If you have a ton of pig iron in your soul, you're Leon Wieseltier. If you are lighter than air, you become Michael Kinsley, the current TRB, and author of *Curse of the Giant Muffins*, a collection of pieces spanning the last ten years.

Take the title. It seems that an out-going solicitor general was complaining to the *New York Times* about the perplexities of life outside government. He said, "I've never thought when I was in law school . . . that I'd have to think twice in a supermarket about buying Giant brand or Thomas's English muffins." This prompted our author to think of the following joke. "We none of us can choose our moments of epiphany, and it is unfair to mock the solicitor general for experiencing his in a supermarket." We none of us, apparently, can choose what we want to write about, or at least not very well. Anyway, a TRB column grew out of the Giant muffins, and eventually the title for this book. You like it? You think it's a funny book title? No? Well. Just wait around, maybe in ten years there'll be another.

But there is more at work here than style. The problem (or, given their considerable journalistic success, the art) of *TNR*-type liberals is one of political and intellectual positioning. Reagan, clearly, is unacceptable to them; if he weren't, they'd have to close up shop. On the other hand, they don't have much to call their own. Their task, then, is to define how anti-Reagan—or anti-Right—they can plausibly be.

There is, as a result, a certain insubstantiality to the whole enterprise. Positioning is not the same thing as taking positions. It is hard to say, for instance, from this book what exactly Michael Kinsley dislikes about Ronald Reagan. He opposed the mining of the Nicaraguan harbors, and he thinks the Reagan Administration has been disingenuous in its calls for color-blind equality. But the rest is just sneering. As far as I could see,

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the most coherent criticisms here were aimed at Felix Rohatyn and Lee Iacocca.

Maybe I missed something. There is a passage in *Muffins* about the way popular books are read, which is a warning to all reviewers. "It has long been my suspicion that, especially in Washington, when people say they have read a book, they mean something other than turning each page and attempting to glean meaning from each sentence." I confess: I turned each page, but the piece on Mary Cunningham—15 pages, all of them boring—stopped me from reading each sentence. So if there was some *Summa contra Reagan* that I missed, my apologies.

Young Kinsley (I don't know his age, but whatever it is, he seems younger) does believe in a few things. Democracy, for one. Writing about Felix Rohatyn's proposal to create a "tripartite" board of labor leaders, businessmen, and politicians to steer the economy, he observes that "in a democracy, the public interest is not supposed to be entrusted to distinguished worthies, however high-minded. . . . Why should elected government be reduced to one-third of any power-sharing arrangement intended to protect 'the public interest'?" This is clear enough, and clearly right. Maybe Right and Left can agree to dislike Rohatyn and Iacocca because their visions combine the worst of all worlds. Young Kinsley again: "It is capitalism without free enterprise, socialism without social justice."

Young Kinsley also values a mental image of his own marginality, which, coming from such a white-bread yuppie, strikes me as sentimental. "The enormous literary contribution of homosexuals, the prominence of Jews in courageous social causes of all sorts, the creation of jazz by blacks all derive in part from the discomfort of being outside the majority culture. I am happy to be a bit of an outsider. . . ." Yup. Walt Whitman, Sidney Hillman, and Bessie Smith—that's what I always think about when I read TRB.

There remain scattered observations on scattered subjects, some of them interesting. Young Kinsley knows that young professionals suffer from downward, rather than excessive upward, mobility. "When my family made the big leap to the suburbs . . . [my father] sat me down in our new home and said pointedly: 'You know, this is the nicest house I've ever lived in.' I'm sure it never occurred to him, and it certainly never occurred to me until much later, that it might be the nicest house I'd ever live in as well." He's got the number of Bernardine Dohrn, the Weatherwoman. He pulls off an even-handed and eloquent tribute to Ralph Nader.

Young Kinsley's prose is infectious. So is the flu. If he tried to rely on real sentences to make his points, instead of smartass throwaways, though we might not be any better nourished, we might at least not feel so unsatisfied. The funniest material in the book, a dull-headline contest, was supplied by his readers.

Maybe not having Ronald Reagan to position against will force Young Kinsley to buckle down a bit. Or maybe, as the years pass, he will just grow younger and younger. We will have to wait and see.

Or maybe we'll find something else to do. □

MISSING PERSONS

Joseph Sobran

The Last Intellectuals, by Russell Jacoby (Basic 290 pp., $18.95)

RUSSELL JACOBY is an engaging complainer: it's not absolutely clear what he's complaining about, but line by line he's lucid, energetic, and witty. *The Last Intellectuals: American Culture in the Age of Academe* tries to come to grips with "a vacancy in culture, the absence of younger voices, perhaps the absence of a generation."

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suddenly vanished," he goes on; "it simply never appeared. And it is already too late—the generation is too old—to show up." As recently as 1970 a widely publicized study came up with a list of leading intellectuals. Of the top 11, only one, Susan Sontag, was youngish (the others: Bell, Chomsky, Galbraith, Howe, Macdonald, McCarthy, Mailer, Silvers, Trilling, Wilson). The study's longer list of seventy was also short on names from the next generation, and the full roster still hasn't been displaced by new names of comparable stature.

What's happened? Jacoby thinks "the issue is the vitality of a public culture." The intellectuals have been "professionalized"—have moved to academe or think tanks, and speak only to their peers rather than to a wide readership. "Younger intellectuals no longer need or want a larger public; they are almost exclusively professors."

I myself hadn't noticed a shortage of intellectuals, but I think I see his point. Today's intellectuals are by and large much less interesting than those of yesteryear. But it's not as though there were giants in the earth in 1950: that generation was in turn less interesting than the previous crop. How do Edmund Wilson, Dwight Macdonald, and John Kenneth Galbraith stack up against Mencken, Russell, Santayana, and Wells?

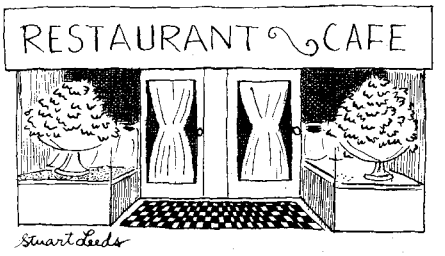
Free-thinking has been in decline for a long time, partly because it has been so successful. The word "intellectuals" itself has the whiff of a certain type, belonging to a certain moment: the progressive-minded, anti-Christian iconoclast, eager to replace Christian civilization with something newer and better ("I have been over into the future, and it works"). I doubt that Santayana, by the way, would want to be known as an "intellectual" for just that reason: even in his apostasy, he had a deep affection for Catholicism.

The progressives have won, and their daring ideas have become the only safe ones. Country-club prejudices have been displaced by faculty-club prejudices, which have trickled down to Dan Rather and Norman Lear. Bertrand Russell was once disinvited by New York University because he advocated free love; now we have the National Gay Task Force. Even by 1970, movies were being made on the sound assumption that whole theaters-ful of people, coast to coast, could be emotionally manipulated by appealing to the Properly Progressive Attitudes (remember *Easy Rider*?).

The market is glutted with Marxism, so the Marxists, naturally, have moved into the universities, where the taxed surplus of capitalism can subsidize them and shield them from brutal market competition. No mystery there. The transitional liberal moment, when progressive ideas were new, dramatic, exciting, fraught with unpredictable implication—that's all over now. We have free love, ubiquitous porn, abortion on demand, a transfer economy, a Communist regime at the southern tip of the continent: in short, progress everywhere. The new ideas have served their purpose. Just what further new ideas would Jacoby have his missing generation proffer us? I really can't imagine, and I doubt there *is* anything to imagine. All Jacoby seems to have in mind is more of same, but that wouldn't be very exciting. It's been getting steadily less exciting for decades.

Jacoby also seems only half aware of another group of thinkers who gave the last generation some of its interest: the conservatives. He briefly mentions Burnham, Buckley, and Kirk, but not von Mises, Hazlitt, Kendall, Weaver, and others of solid achievement and wide influence. It's nice that he gives Kirk in particular a little—but only a little—of the respect he deserves; the point is that for Jacoby, nobody outside the progressive "mainstream" really counts as an intellectual. A pity, because he is fair-minded and takes pokes at the provincialism and self-absorption of New York intellectuals (though only because they don't seem to appreciate that there have been good *radicals* elsewhere).

Reflecting some of that provincialism himself, he treats neoconservatives as little more than intellectuals who have completely sold out to rich foundations. They no longer count as intellectuals either. If they did, Jacoby might have to concede that there are still quite a few intellectuals around who do speak to a large public. Of some neoconservatives who complain that leftist intellectuals have injected politics into culture, he says: "For them politics can only mean left-wing politics. Their own politics is not politics."



Half a point there. But the men he refers to are only using "politics" as he uses "intellectuals," that is, with the tacit qualification "progressive." The truth of the situation, I think, is that the Left has won undreamed-of cultural power in America. If it has anything more to say to the public, maybe it just doesn't dare to say it in plain English. Laying low in academe may be a sound strategy for the time being. □

POIGNANT INSTANT, STUBBORN EVIL

D. Keith Mano

Beloved, by Toni Morrison (Knopf, 275 pp., $18.95)

TONI MORRISON'S language is thick as menstrual flow. Rich as clotted milk on the shirtfront of a nursing mother. I adduce such images intentionally: the way, I'm sure, Toni Morrison herself did—to shock, to discompose, to trap attention on a vivid sensual plane. Since *Song of Solomon* at least, this has been her most conspicuous mannerism. Not that she uses the obscene. Far from it: her euphemisms, in fact, are what unsettle most—so some childish locution for male genitalia ("wee-wee," say) can disgust more than a robust Anglo-Saxon expletive. In *Beloved* there is terrific verbal evasion. An adolescent girl, desiring sex, will tell her man, "I want you to touch me on the inside part." Dreadful whip scars are "a chokecherry tree. See, here's the trunk . . . red and split wide open, full of sap." Metaphors in *Beloved* don't describe, they replace: and they are often brilliant, now and then obsessive or infantile, usually moving. And the opposite, believe me, of squeamish.

Slavery, after all, was about such ornate periphrasis: epitomized in the trope "peculiar institution." Between master and slave there grew up a masking, devious rhetoric. Lies like

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"the happy darkie" were conventionalized. Each black was given a new name—and, along with that name, a new anatomy, a new psychology. Sethe, the slave heroine here, has overheard schoolchildren being taught to list her "animal" characteristics. Later, as if she were bovine, these same children will rape her milk. "White people believed that whatever the manners, under every dark skin was a jungle . . ." Believed: had to believe: because a presumptive inequality of owner and owned was the sole justification for slaveholding.

Under such circumstances narrative form will be allusive, oblique. And so it is with *Beloved*. There are elements of ghost and detective tale, deep psychological probe and outright indictment. Toni Morrison is an extremely sophisticated writer: her professionalism and range of voice astound. Slavery is a sensational subject, outfitted with horror and poignant instance and damn stubborn evil. Had Miss Morrison written her novel in a straightforward, chronological manner, it would have approached *Mandingo*-size melodrama. But she is mistress of the theatrical retard. Events are revealed, through flashback and suggestive inference, slowly, tensely—rather as a neurosis can be disassembled in Freudian analysis. And at the end, as in successful analysis, revelation is analeptic if harrowing.

Parenthood under slavery, motherhood in particular, was a problematical enterprise. *Beloved* examines this relationship with great heart and dismaying insight. Imagine, if you are a father or mother, that you have had eight children, all of whom were sold off before their first birthday. Imagine your daughter bred for profit. Or your father shackled, gagged, flogged nude in front of you: or, worse, you in front of your child. My muscular, fine, authoritative father was grilled once by a traffic cop: his pathetic evasions, his shame, are still not in the grave with him. "She behaved and did everything right in front of her children because she didn't want them to see her knocked down. She said it made children crazy to see that." Since the slave state is a perpetuation of childhood, however artificial, slave children are deprived of any credible adult role model. We often comment on black dereliction in matters familial: it is a sociological "fact." I have no idea what portion of family instinct in men and women might be genetic and what acquired—but insofar as that instinct is formed by example, slave experience has to accept some blame for the decomposition of modern black family life.

A dead child returns in *Beloved*. I won't disclose the eerie nature of this visitation. Specifically, it is Beloved, Miss Morrison's eponymous girl-demon. In general, though, it is both a dreadful exaggeration of the mother-child relationship and an emblem for black racial memory. Like children, past events should be cherished: they belong to you, they are blood. But, also like certain children, the past can enervate or destroy. Alternately Beloved must receive love and release, coddling and neglect. Claims of racial memory are imperious and authentic, but they do not thrive well in the present tense.

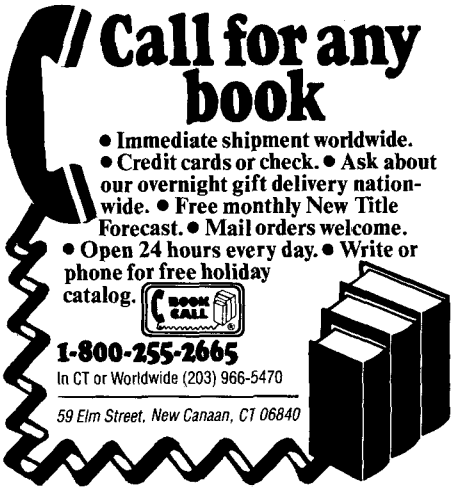
There has never been a notable black literature of slavery—nothing at all equivalent to Holocaust fiction. In part blacks were not prepared, during the immediate post-Civil War period, for artistic reflection. In part, as well, slavery was thought shameful. For it is not the cruelties done to us by a despot that scar most—it is those cruelties we inflict on our own kind under despotic pressure. *Beloved* has proven that slave experience is legitimate and fruitful artistic material. And, in so doing, it presents an intelligent, complex position that black people can take toward their own history. □

WARM FOR A WHILE

David Klinghoffer

Rock Springs, by Richard Ford (Atlantic Monthly Press, 235 pp., $17.95)

THE CHARACTERS in Richard Ford's new collection of short stories do a lot of hunting, a lot of fishing. In "Children," three teenagers stand on a river bank in Montana; Claude has just caught a whitefish, and Lucy and George stand by watching him struggle with the dying fish as he tries to pry the hook from its mouth. "What a surprise that must be," Lucy says. "For the fish. Everything just goes crazy at once. I wonder what it thinks." Coming halfway through the book, the scene resonates—its image, really, is at the heart of *Rock Springs*. What one character or another experiences in each of the book's ten stories is just that sudden, wild sensation of being caught, pulled completely without warning out of his accustomed life—and plunged suddenly into catastrophe. By the end of each story, something has "just gone crazy" for someone: he has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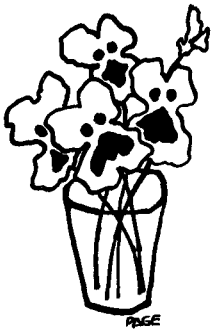
been hooked and reeled in, struggling and gasping. Claude answers Lucy's question: "They don't. Fish don't think." But of course people do. And what they think in that moment of crazy helplessness, and the moments, days, and years that follow, is what *Rock Springs* is about.

Ford's characters catch trout and whitefish, shoot deer and geese, but in each story it is the men who are the real prey. Not of other men, though; not of the gods or of history either, but of chance, sheer arbitrariness. The idea is not an especially provocative or colorful one (neither, really, is *Rock Springs*, the dominant tone of which is a little too grey), but in Ford's hands the metaphor nevertheless seems fresh and feels powerful. What makes people so vulnerable to getting jerked out of the stream is the basic instability of modern life. None of Ford's characters has a permanent home, a stable family. Some of them are running from failed marriages, or from the law; others are biding their time between jobs, in the no-man's-land of the temporarily unemployed, getting ready to make a dash for it before the landlord asks for the rent and the gas bill arrives. No one in Ford's world lives a "normal" life. In "Empire," Marge wonders if such a thing even exists: "Nothing's normal, right?" she says. "That's just a concept."



Ford agrees with her. In the same story, he encapsulates this sense of instability in his notion of the frontier. "We're out on a frontier here, aren't we, sweetheart?" Marge asks her husband as they lie, watching a great prairie fire from the safety of their railroad-car sleeping compartment. Ford's stories take place in Montana and Wyoming, on the frontier between America and Canada, between the Eastern and Western United States, a land "half wild," not quite civilized yet. His narrators are all between the ages either of thirty and forty, or ten and twenty—that is, on the border between youth and maturity, or between childhood and manhood. (They're also mostly Sam Shepard clones—white men, more or less working-class, with mild personalities and good hearts. None are memorable as characters.) As a whole, they live on the frontier between jobs, between women, between lives.

Helpless and unstable as they are, living perpetually "in between," they are easy prey for chance. In "Optimists," Roy Brinson punches a man in the chest, inadvertently knocking the life out of him. He doesn't mean to kill him—he just does it, and in doing so he destroys his own life and tears his own family apart. Nothing he had done or experienced could have predicted such a thing. The narrator in "Rock Springs," the title story, "start[ing] down from Kalispell, heading for Tampa-St. Pete," with his daughter and his girlfriend Edna, finds himself womanless, suddenly and inexplicably, when Edna decides she's just had enough of him. Without reason or warning, in a moment the ground drops out from under his life.

In the face of all this, what Ford's characters feel is a powerful sense of isolation: from each other, from the stable, "normal" world, and—most importantly—from control over their own lives. They remind you of Joe Christmas in *Light in August*—thinking, "Something is going to happen to me. I am going to do something." It's as if they're cut off from their own words and actions, watching them come into being but unable to exercise any control over them. The difference is that Faulkner's world is a product of history, his characters trapped by their pasts. Ford's people face the future with all of Joe Christmas's passive dread, but their fates have been assigned to them as if at random. History plays little if any part in the direction of any individual's life. Quentin Compson would be incomprehensible in a Richard Ford story.

Sensibly, Ford's characters adopt an attitude not so much of despair—because things could very well turn out all right in the end—but of passive acceptance. Starling and Lois in "Fireworks" toast "better cards on the next deal." It's as if the future already exists, just waiting for a fellow to come along and make the best of it: make the best of it and hope no one gets hurt.

Actually, though, for Ford it doesn't all just end there. This random absurdity has the grievous effect of turning people away from each other and into themselves. One of the most moving scenes in the book comes at the end of "Optimists," when Roy and his mother meet again, in a supermarket, after years of separation following the departure of his father and her husband. As they part, this time probably forever, she leans through an open window to kiss his cheek and hold his face in her hands. People *can* touch each other; there *are* moments when the isolation caused by the randomness of life can be breached; but they are few and far between. Critics have compared Ford to Walker Percy, but an essential difference between the two (aside from the fact that Percy is twice as witty as Ford) is in their attitude toward the transformative power of human contact. In *The Last Gentleman*, Will Barrett is rescued from his despair through his loving relationships with Jamie, Sutter, and Kitty. In Richard Ford's world, though, all we can hope for from love is that it will keep us warm for a while, safe for the moment from the chilling effects of chance. □

FILM

OVERINDULGENCE

John Simon

WATCHING *Fatal Attraction* is like observing cinema blithely mutilating itself. Something that begins as an adult, psychological problem film splinters into glittering, schlocky shock effects, few of which make elementary sense, and many of which are stolen from earlier, better movies.

Adrian Lyne, the director, or footbinder, of the film, is one of those hotshots out of British TV commercials, like the Scott brothers, with a wealth of technical knowhow, some low-level intelligence or high-level cunning, and a cavalier contempt for integrity. There could hardly have been more dishonest movies than *Flashdance* and *9½ Weeks*, the latter about a sadomasochistic relationship with S and M excised from its alphabet, partly because feminists at exploratory advance screenings screamed bloody murder. Trashy though it is, *Fatal Attraction* had a rather more compelling

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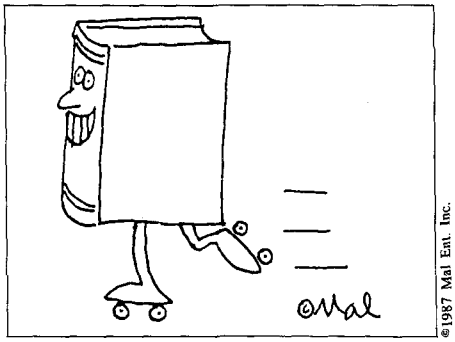
ending until audience cards made Lyne and the producers change it to the present absurd and derivative one.

The screenplay by James Dearden, based on a previous short film of his, now concerns Dan Gallagher, an unremarkable but upwardly mobile New York lawyer, long and happily married to pretty, mundane, uncomplicated Beth, and father to bright, six-year-old Ellen. His firm represents a publishing house, at one of whose parties he meets a provocative, faintly mysterious woman, Alex Forrest, a new editor at the publishers'. Soon after, at an editorial conference about a manuscript presenting legal problems, he meets her again. Beth and Ellen are in the country, it is raining heavily, and Dan and Alex duck into a nearby restaurant. Alex starts seducing Dan, and a no-strings-attached, hot one-night stand ensues, which, what with Beth staying away another day at her parents', and Alex proving devilishly persistent, evolves into a hot two-night stand.

When Dan wants to resume his normal life, and tries to call it affably quits with Alex—she a manifest woman of the world with no dearth of experience, he a monogamous fellow who yielded to an isolated yen—the unexpected happens. Alex, in ways we have noticed, is a bit odd: she now refuses to play by the rules and declines to let wholly go. Later, it also emerges that she is pregnant. In old-time movies, this required only one night's delirium. Now it takes two; otherwise nothing much has changed.

Well, yes, Alex refuses to have an abortion: she is 37, and carries a biological clock inside her along with the fetus; besides, Dan and she were great not only in the sack but also on her kitchen counter and on the floor of the elevator to her loft apartment—where their greed for each other and the film's eagerness to titillate had them fall to it. There is a real problem here: the neurotic, passionate woman who will go to any length to hold on to an ordinary, bedeviled man—slashing her wrists being only a modest beginning. This can happen to any married man, as profuse sympathetic male groans in the audience seemed to attest.

If *Fatal Attraction* had integrity, it would do two things: show equal sympathy for both its main characters, and remain in the realm of the plausible.



Instead, it turns Alex into a ravening fury—the kind hell hath no like of—who could never obtain and hold an important editorial job with all the work and responsibility it entails. For Alex seems to have nothing else to do but to hound Dan in ever more bizarre, oppressive, and horrific ways, even as his responses go from the clumsily sympathetic to the exasperated and, finally, angrily retaliatory. What could have been interesting as a tragicomedy of manners, or even as a sourly disturbing view of liberated woman overshooting the mark, turns into a totally unbelievable shocker, with everyone behaving like a dangerous lunatic or a dangerous fool. Even Beth becomes more obtuse, more unforgiving than we can swallow.

But could an honest film about this situation—one in which Alex does not turn into a homicidal psychopath—be made in America today? After all, movies cost so much, and, thanks to our rapidly worsening education and sinking level of culture, audiences crave ever more drastic stimulants. Give them their quota of belly laughs and shrieks, then come up with a preposterous resolution that allows everyone to go home unchallenged and undisturbed to the comforts of oblivion. If movies started making sense, they might as well be life, right?

Though she is not a pretty woman, Glenn Close acts Alex with a sexy swagger and growing persuasiveness as the character gets madder; particularly good is that patronizing, demented, peace-offering smile lined with booby traps. As Dan, Michael Douglas is a credible amalgam of man and boy, sophistication and staidness, with penny-ante experience thrust into a high-stakes game. Anne Archer is perfect as the anachronistic, transparent, congenially conjugal Beth, and little Ellen Hamilton Latzen plays Ellen with a minimum of cuteness and truly stunning veracity. But what can they do against a film that has school authorities allowing a perfect stranger, unknown even to Ellen, to pick her up without a note from her parents; that has endangered people not taking obvious precautions, and forgets all about Ellen during a night of terror involving her parents? For all its stylishness, *Fatal Attraction* is a piece of haute couture coming apart at almost every seam.

Even when the film has a genuine insight, such as making a near-murderous fight between Alex and Dan closely resemble their frenzied lovemaking, it does not know what to make of such an aperçu and rushes back to facile laughter and manipulative horror. It gets its shallow effects across, but how much better would be real anxiety than contrived fright.

IMPROBABILITY even more thoroughgoing and outrageous—because it is built into the very premise—permeates Barbet Schroeder's *Barfly*, from an original script by Charles Bukowski, a West Coast writer prized by many Europeans and some American cultists. Henry Chinaski, as the quasi-autobio-

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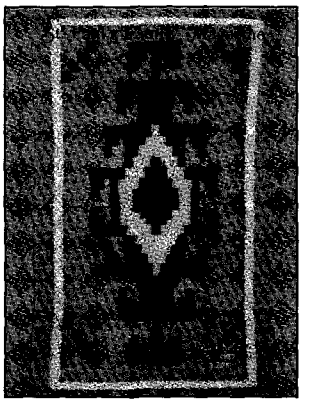

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graphical hero is called here, is a smallish man almost every part of whose anatomy has been bruised, scarred, dented, perhaps even permanently bent by the fights he picks for reasons comprehensible only to a skid-row alcoholic like himself. Yet this broken-down barfly, whom we see being beaten to a bloody pulp by a body-builderish bartender (played by Sylvester Stallone's brother, Frank) in the opening scene, will come back another day to similarly pulverize the bartender. To Bukowski, this must represent the artist versus philistinism.

As if this weren't enough, Henry listens to Mozart in his flophouse, where he is tracked down by a beautiful, rich young woman, Tully (Alice Krige), who has just accepted one of his manuscripts for the literary magazine she publishes. For Henry, it seems, is a brilliant poet and fiction writer (though the samples we get are, at best, paltry), and Tully cannot simply send him a check, but must hire a private eye to find him—even join the detective in flushing Henry out, but then not reveal herself to him. Meanwhile our hero—played by Mickey

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ACCORDING TO Pastor Richard John Neuhaus, active Fundamentalists, as "typical Americans," hate to be feared and want badly to be loved. It occurs to me that these people, hoping to strike warmth in their listeners' hearts, might have invented some other means than resorting to the self-ascriptive tag "moral," which places them in the imprudent (and unlovable) category of self-described "beauties" and "geniuses." On the other hand, the Fundamentalists' and Evangelicals' styles, while not (to my mind anyway) appealing, are distinctively their own, and probably no more susceptible of alteration than George Bush's grin or Jack Kemp's hair-do. As to the fear they inspire: *Piety & Politics: Evangelicals and Fundamentalists Confront the World* (Ethics and Public Policy Center, 1030 15th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005; $23.95 cloth; $12.95 paper), edited by Richard John Neuhaus and Michael Cromartie, is implicitly devoted to assuaging that response.

Not only, we are convincingly shown, are these latter-day pietistic movements nothing new in American history (being instead the inheritors of the Evangelical Protestantism that was this country's mainstream religion for most of the nineteenth century), they do not portend the formation of a theocratic state, or even mass conversion to Fundamentalist Christianity —though they almost certainly represent, as Martin Marty has put it, the emergence of a cognitive minority as a sociocultural majority. "On the map of American religion," Neuhaus writes, "politicized Fundamentalism is a minority phenomenon. This minority, however, has kicked a tripwire alerting us to the much larger reality of unsecular America. As in 1962 Michael Harrington alerted public opinion to . . . 'the Other America,' so the Religious Right has thrown open the closet door to expose the beliefs, fears, and aspirations shared by an overwhelming majority of Americans of almost every description."

Calculating hysterics, like Norman Lear and his Newspeak People for the American Way, warn that the Christian Right is an army of belligerents, determined to thrust a narrow and aggressive morality upon the American polity and to replace a religiously neutral government with a theocratic one. In fact, as George F. Will points out, the Evangelicals are scarcely to blame for inflating abortion as a political issue: "The Supreme Court did that by striking down fifty states' laws that expressed community judgments about the issue. Those who opposed those judgments got them overturned by fiat, not democratic persuasion." So, too, with the question of homosexuality: "Evangelicals did not set out to alter social attitudes about homosexuality. Government has begun teaching, through many measures, that homosexual and heterosexual relations represent only different 'preferences' . . . among 'life-styles.' Militant homosexuals are responsible for this . . ." As a great many contributors to the present volume recognize, the Fundamentalist-Evangelical assault is reactive: in Nathan Glazer's phrase, a "defensive offensive," produced by what Will describes as "a provocative widening of the unavoidable gaps between values expressed in public policies and values cleaved to by large segments of the public."

In regard to the charge that the Christian Right contemplates a political takeover of the United States, several contributors to *Piety & Politics* are at pains to dispel this perfervid belief. Jerry Falwell explains, with admirable patience, that Moral Majority, Inc., is not attempting to seize control of the government; that it is not a "censorship organization"; that it does not believe its opponents to belong to an "immoral minority"; and that it is committed to the continuance of a pluralistic culture—being, in fact, pluralistic itself. George Marsden argues that American Evangelicals share a set of beliefs that unite them across denominational traditions to the point where they can be said to have created a "transdenominational community," a community embracing such disparate groups as the black Pentecostalists, the racial-separatist Fundamentalists of the Bob Jones variety, and peace churches of the Anabaptist-Mennonite tradition.

At the core of the Religious Right is its concern for the falling away from traditional values of private morality and public order, values which it quite correctly identifies as deriving from the Biblical tradition; as well as its suspicion that the U.S. political system (as it is currently staffed, anyway) can no longer "cope with the debilitating forces in American society." Its diagnosis of the ills of that society, however, is tempered by the Biblical wisdom which teaches that "justice in political life cannot be based on . . . church discipline because earthly states are not churches" (James Skillen). For all its limitations and infelicities, therefore, the Fundamentalist-Evangelical movement represents the "American Way" far more faithfully and accurately than do Norman Lear and his crowd (who could not be guaranteed to recognize it after stumbling upon its bleeding corpse in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard in broad daylight, even if they had helped to put it there the night before). □

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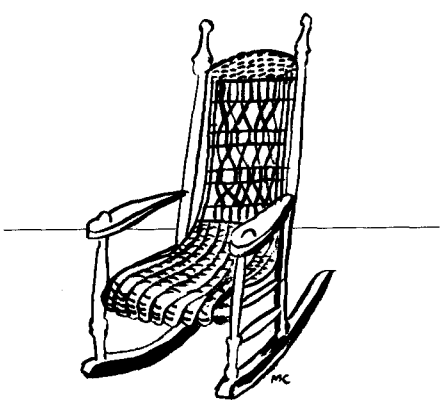
Rourke with stooped shoulders and pendulous arms, like an arboreal ape condemned to roaming the savannahs, and speaking like a sweetly lobotomized W. C. Fields while sporting a myopic, indelible grin—has picked up Wanda, a luscious lush shunned by all the good, sane drunks because, apparently, she is crazy to boot.

Actually, as Faye Dunaway enacts her, she seems rather more in control than the other barflies, her only concessions to rock-bottom dipsomania being unkempt hair and a steady glower. Henry promptly cures her of the latter when she takes him home to her rather smart tenement, where she maintains a sizable wardrobe, courtesy of a well-heeled protector who obligingly communicates with her only by phone. Henry and Wanda become happy lovers until Tully horns in, carrying off the drunken, smelly, disgustingly battered genius to her sumptuous mansion and baronial bed. But he prefers Wanda, especially after the two women indulge in a no-holds-barred fight over him—ten rounds on the barroom floor—which Wanda wins by uprooting a large hunk of Tully's raven tresses. Yet the disreputable Wanda, when she needs a little money, can fix herself up very neatly and go downtown for some gainful temporary employment.

Tell me another—or, rather, don't! As a director, Schroeder can be careless. In a scene where Wanda pilfers some municipal corn growing wild in the streets of Los Angeles (one does relish such bits of symbolism *trouvé*), corn that Henry correctly pronounces green and inedible, we see her eating one ghastly green ear, while several others lying on the table before her are golden and appetizing. Apparently the scene required some reshooting, and the corn makeup artists were falling asleep on the cob.



What is corniest and wackiest, though, is the combined lumpenprole and bourgeois-knee-jerk-liberal mentality of the film, with its assault on health, hygiene, and elementary self-preservation in the name of some mythicized freedom and spurious artistic integrity. The film ends in another glorious fight in which Henry yet again demolishes the bartender (who has had a fling with Wanda), and the two true lovers, Wanda and Henry, go off together into sodden sleep. But can love quench the craving for liquor? Can booze mend a broken bone? □

DELECTATIONS

PLEASANT OCCASIONS

Nika Hazelton

THE GEESE marched by themselves, just as my friend Faith McFadden had told me they would. There were about a dozen and a half of them, marching sedately, in serried ranks, up Fifth Avenue and across 86th Street in New York City. Two children in peasant costume kept them in order with long wands.

The occasion was the Steuben Day Parade, which is for German-Americans what the Saint Patrick's Day Parade is for the Irish. And who on earth was Steuben? Why, a German general who fought in the American Revolution and commanded in the Yorktown trenches. The geese did not march goose-stepping, as do the Soviet soldiers we see on the telly, but neither did they wobble. They were serious animals, determined to uphold the dignity of the day, and far more sedate than a large number of the human marchers.

A lot of people had come for the occasion from Germany, especially Berlin, whose 750th anniversary was fêted. I enjoyed myself very much, as did, apparently, everybody else on 86th Street. Marchers greeted us bystanders joyously, gave us candy, waved at us, and in other ways included us in the fun. The floats were pretty and not commercial-looking, men in sailor uniforms sang lustily, the bands played old and new favorites, the queens in their cars waved gracefully—in short, a wonderful time was had by all. And the geese marched on, to everybody's wonder and joy.

A SHORT time after my encounter with the marching geese, I had occasion to sing "Happy Birthday" to mayonnaise (yes, you heard me correctly). It was the 75th birthday of Hellmann's Mayonnaise, and a party was given for this venerable product by Sue Huffmann, the jolly lady who runs the food shows at Best Foods, which makes Hellmann's. Food parties are almost always very staid, with VPs making long, boring speeches about their products, and guests wishing they could leave. (It is, so to speak, the reverse of singing for one's supper.)

Well, Hellmann's invited us all for lunch, and, I must say, the occasion was done up brown. An oompah band played in the ballroom of a restored New York landmark building; young men, dressed in striped waistcoats and vaguely colonial hats, offered a multitude of drinks and hors d'œuvres; an open bar was going strong; and female food editors by the score milled around kissing, talking, and drinking large glasses of white wine.

I learned from a figure dressed up as a jar of Hellmann's Mayonnaise that five different delicatessens would compete for best sandwiches. The judges—Bert Greene, a jolly, round food writer; slim, elegant, and worldly Jane Ellis, editor of the *New York Post*'s food pages; and a noncommittal-looking gentleman, the editor of *People* magazine, were judging at a separate table. Finally, everybody sat down at round tables heaped high with the contending delicatessen sandwiches, mayonnaise salads, and other edibles, and began tucking the food away. Some people ate with fork and knife, others ate out of hand, and everybody drank plenty of white wine. Innumerable journalists and photographers were clustered around the judges, and I sucked on a large caramel brought to me by one of the waiters. Then Sue Huffmann announced the winners of the contest (a Frenchman won first place with a creation that came from a 57th Street delicatessen), the band gave a loud oompah, and we were all invited to sing "Happy Birthday, Dear Hellmann's." Everyone sang lustily, the gentleman wearing the giant mayonnaise jar disported himself again, more kisses were exchanged, and we

(Continues on page 66)

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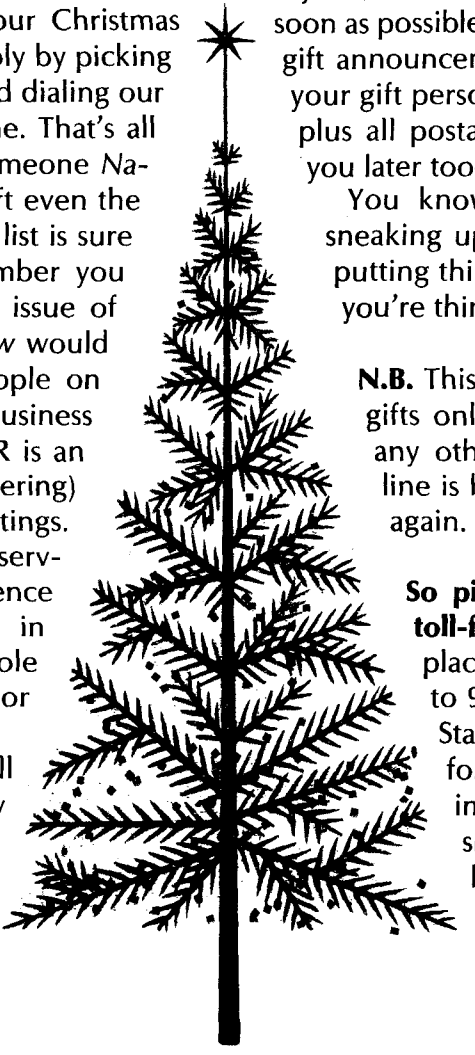

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WARNING: SOCIAL SECURITY: DO NOT TOUCH

NEW YORK, OCT. 30

THEY REALLY rubbed it in, when Mr. Reagan said that he would meet with the congressional leaders and that "everything" would be on the table. (Everything except Social Security.) At least four questioners made him say it, more or less: that higher taxes would be considered. The President did go so far as to say that some taxes were worse than others, for instance, the "income tax." But otherwise he took the same position with the press he'd have taken if asked what was the next target in Iran he'd be likely to hit in retaliation. He said all this would be a part of the negotiating session. The President's aim is as it always has been. What he wants from Congress is a) reduced non-defense expenditures; b) a line-item veto; and c) a constitutional amendment providing for a balanced budget.

It is time to pause, yet again, over the dismaying insistence of both Congress and the President on excluding Social Security from consideration. We are reminded that, shortly after Mr. Reagan took office, under the guidance of David Stockman he put out a tentative proposal to curb certain Social Security excesses—and the Senate moved over him like a Panzer division. Since then, Mr. Reagan has treated Social Security as he might a cobra: he won't even come near it. But it is, truly, the biggest fiscal scandal in town, and it was hardly touched by the big bipartisan revisions of 1983.

When Social Security first fully went into effect, in 1940, the life expectancy of the average American was 63. Under the law, you could retire at age 62 with partial benefits, and at age 65 with full benefits. Given predictable longevity, the burden on the government was pretty light.

Today, thanks to geriatric advances, the average American expects to live to age 75. But when can he retire with partial Social Security benefits? At 62 years of age. When can he retire with full Social Security benefits? At 65 years of age.

What changes were rung in by the 1983 law? Well, beginning in the year 2000, the retirement age for purposes of Social Security will rise by a month or so every year. This means that by the year 2022, you won't qualify for full benefits under Social Security until you are 67 years old. One can only assume that the Congress that dreamt that up figured no one who would be affected by the new law was yet old enough to vote.

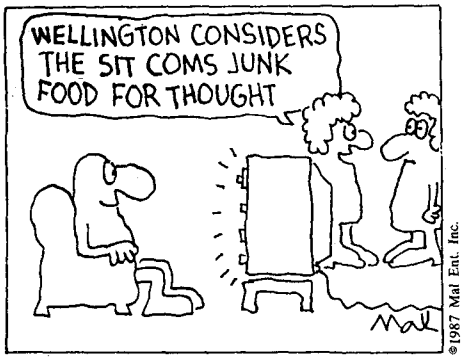
How does this translate into bucks? Well, 1.7 million Americans every year retire and reach out for Social Security. About one-half of these retire at age 62. That comes to 850,000 people who begin receiving an average of $4,600 per year. Times 850,000, comes to $3.9 billion. But those same 850,000 people, now retired, won't be paying the taxes they used to pay. And these taxes averaged $4,000 per year. Times 850,000, comes to $3.4 billion. Adding the two figures together, you have $7.3 billion. If, then, Congress were to delay optional retirement by one year, the net federal balance sheet would improve by $7.3 billion. A second year, the same.

Consider the question hypothetically.

Suppose that the identical benefits were paid out at an age that corresponded to the age contemplated under the original Social Security law. What then would we be talking about? Eighty-seven billion dollars (specifically, $87.6 billion). But suppose that one moved less categorically than that. What would be needed in order to raise the $23 billion Reagan and the Congress are looking for? Answer: A three-year postponement.

Such a law might read that no one born after January 1, 1926, could qualify for partial Social Security benefits until age 65, or full Social Security benefits until age 68. That would mean after three years an annual improvement in the balance sheet of $21.9 billion. It would be hard to argue hardship, given the striking advances in longevity. A convincing way to look at the subject is via reductio ad absurdum: if medical progress continues at the rate it has during the past fifty years, we should, by the 2020s, expect the average American to live until age 85. This would mean that Americans between 21 and 62 would be supporting not only their children, but their parents, over a cumulative period of 44 years (1 to 21 plus 63 to 85).

The mind boggles. And well it might. Mr. Reagan has a lot of problems, but he can't begin to solve them by treating Social Security, to quote myself a few years ago, like the *Mona Lisa*, perfect, untouchable. □



PRESIDENTIAL MEMO

NEW YORK, NOV. 2

MEMO TO: The Boss
FROM: Yr faithful s'vt, XYZ

Here's how I look at it, Mr. President.

The Soviet Union has outsmarted us, you bet. I know you disagree with me about this & that, but you hired me to fire off the occasional memo giving it to you with the basso profundo, so here is the sequence of events as I view it, which is how (I'm betting) history will view it:

—Gorbachev enters the scene, and he is the New Soviet Leader. In fact he is; but what you care about is unchanged. The simplest way to put this, Boss, is that he wants what we have.

—The sum of the Soviets' military-technological effort during the past 15 years has been to build up overwhelming nuclear strength. They have just about got this done when—you pop up (March 1983) with Star Wars.

—They know that Star Wars will ruin what they most want, which is the kind of preponderance that subjugates the Western will. They know this because their own people are deep into Star Wars.

—Gorbachev is truly unhappy about this, which comes in on top of his other problem. That is your success in deploying the Pershings in Western Europe. The Kremlin knows it's one thing for you to tell Omaha

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to FIRE ONE if Gorbachev strikes against West Germany, something much less if NATO does what it's supposed to do: Fire One to deter a Soviet blitzkrieg. ONE could mean a nuclear war, big scale; One would be merely a theater defense by NATO—but with the Pershings, which could reach right to the Kremlin.

—Gorbachev figures: Take Reagan up on the Zero Option. After both sides have withdrawn their theater nuclear weapons, we'll be left with a situation in which no European missiles can reach Russia, but Russia has plenty that can reach Europe.

—But Gorbachev is thinking not only about improving his position in Europe, but also about the main target, Star Wars. He coos at the idea of coming on over to Washington and signing the INF treaty, and he has you right to the point where the bleacher people have practically begun building for the big parade: Gorbachev, the New Soviet Leader, who brings peace to our time, is Coming to Town.

—Ah, he says to Shultz in Moscow. There is the problem of—Star Wars. You told Shultz you weren't going to bargain over Star Wars, and Gorbachev says, Too bad; well, there isn't all that much point now, is there, in going to Washington.

—So the pressure increases: RR is about Star Wars the way RR has been about more taxes ("over my dead body"), and Gorby retreats into his castle, and just waits for Western opinion to work on you. And, Boss, on whoever your successor is going to be.

What's going to happen?

What's going to happen is this: He will execute the INF treaty. Oh, don't doubt that for a minute. He wants those Pershings out of Europe no matter what. But on the coziness bit—the joint visits to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and all of that—he is going to take the hard line. No Step Two—the reduction of strategic nuclear weapons—until someone (get that: "someone") agrees to the strict interpretation of the ABM treaty, which means no testing of the kind we need to develop the Star Wars program: that, and an extension of the ABM treaty for maybe ten years—which is all the Russians need to complete their Star Wars program.

Now my guess is that Gorby doesn't think he can wring this out of you. No matter. He will have the Democratic candidates eating out of his hand, and he thinks he has the peaceniks well on their way to controlling Congress. So, he figures, in 1988 he'll get the beginning of the retirement of the Pershings and in 1989 he will get Star Wars either formally put to one side, or else gutted by Congress and tied into knots by the Nunn reading of the ABM treaty. He figures that some time in 1989 or 1990 he can visit you at the ranch in Santa Barbara, on his way to Disneyland. He will tell you then, maybe, ho ho ho, that Star Wars was always something that belonged to Disney, not to the great powers. When Star Wars goes public, we'll hear about it the way we heard about Sputnik in 1957.

My advice? Tell him his thoughts about the need for more comprehensive arrangements are a good idea, and so you've decided to abandon the INF treaty and tie the theater weapons to a general strategic disarmament, pending the development of Star Wars. Then go to work on Congress, and make Star Wars the big issue of the 1988 campaign. □

VISITING THE ANTI-TAX SIDE

NEW YORK, NOV. 6

IT IS REFRESHING to read an essay on the front page of the *New York Times* (Oct. 28) that explores with some sobriety the arguments against meeting the economic crisis by raising taxes. The entire section of *Time* magazine devoted to the stock-market crash reads like a lecture by a doctor to citizens who refuse to inoculate themselves against a plague that is heading toward us as ineluctably as lava headed toward the frolicking citizens of Pompeii. Ronald Reagan's opposition to raising taxes is treated as the equivalent of a Christian Scientist's refusal to take an emetic after swallowing poison: sheer suicidal superstition.

Leonard Silk, a resident economist of the *New York Times*, is himself a high-taxer, and enemy of most applications of supply-side economics, but he begins by quoting two formidable economics professors. "Robert Eisner, a professor of economics at Northwestern University and the president-elect of the American Economic Association, has attacked budget cutting now as 'conventional wisdom' that threatens 'economic disaster.' It would be a 'mindless throwback to the economics of Herbert Hoover,' he says."

And, "Paul Davidson, professor of political economy at the University of Tennessee and editor of the *Journal of Post-Keynesian Economics*, declares that, after the market plunge, raising revenues and lowering government spending to reduce the deficit 'can exacerbate current recessionary tendencies and can even create a second Great Depression in the twentieth century.' "

Now this is the full Keynesian school, to be distinguished from those who oppose tax cuts but by no means oppose spending reductions. "Some of President Reagan's most committed supporters of 'supply-side' economics, such as Paul Craig Roberts of Georgetown University, Jude Wanniski, president of Polyconomics Inc., and Robert L. Bartley, the editorial-page editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, bitterly oppose any budget-shrinking moves that involve tax rises. Such steps, they say, would have the perverse effect of reducing tax revenues, not increasing them. New taxation would chill the economy, reduce personal and business incomes, and thus lower tax receipts."

The fear of reducing expenditures is the fear of reducing consumer demand. If, let us say, the government were tomorrow to close down Operation X in Massachusetts (a plant that treated butterfly wings, to cause them to last longer), then the government subsidies being paid the Butterfly Plant would cease, and employees of that plant would need to turn elsewhere for work. In the interval between their leaving the Butterfly Plant and their finding other work, there would be a reduction in their demand for goods and services.

The other approach to the budget problem is to tell the workers at the Butterfly Plant that, pending the handling of the emergency, they will need to pay a 10 per cent surcharge on their income tax.

THIS ALTERNATIVE frightens the supply-siders far more than the first. The first means, to be sure, relocation of employees, a staple of the Industrial Revolution. But it is likely that having left the Butterfly Plant, these employees will find themselves in more productive jobs, e.g., making mosquito repellent.

But impose a surcharge, and there is no stimulus to look for a more productive job. Moreover, the extra burden discourages not only saving and consumption, but also entrepreneurial zest. Seeking an opportunity to leave the butterfly factory and start up a mosquito-repellent factory, the budding entrepreneur considers the risks, and finds that the enlargement of what the economists call the "wedge" has become critical. The wedge is the difference between what an employee sees in his paycheck, and what the employer has to pay for his services. The wedge includes taxes, fringe benefits, medical insurance, whatever.

Research reveals, for instance, that the old superstition, nurtured by politicians, that all we need to do is to tax the rich is not very useful, really. Define the rich as those who make $150,000 per year or more. They are already paying $40 billion per year in income taxes. Impose a surcharge of 10 per cent, and the yield is $4 billion, about 3 per cent of our deficit. Impose a 100 per cent tax on them and you have got yourself $40 billion, or less than one-third of the deficit. And you have killed the goose that lays the golden eggs. It is good to explore the question more openly than has been done since Black Monday. □

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

DIVORCED MALE, 40, nonsmoker and nondrinker. My six-year-old son lives with me. I have strong ethics, but no religion. I enjoy vacation trips, museums, and bumming around in jeans. Interested females reply; no dog or cat lovers please. NR Box 5076.

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MANHATTAN INVESTMENT BANKER, 27, Ivy League, 5'9", very bright, athletic, 150 lbs., loves the outdoors, running, tennis, sailing. Interests include old movies, Buddhism, commodity trading, rhythm and blues, sun-drenched beaches, deep relaxation. Seeks an attractive, secure, tall, intelligent woman, 23–27, who enjoys good conversation, is faithful, has her own interests, appreciates intimacy and romantic evenings. Photo preferred. Write NR Box 5075.

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HAZELTON

(Continued from page 60)

all returned home, the better for the occasion.

You might think there could be nothing controversial in a birthday party for the nation's best-known mayonnaise, but you would be wrong. Arthur Schwartz, restaurant critic for the *New York Daily News*, wrote plaintively that no self-respecting New York Jewish delicatessen would dream of using a German mayonnaise, such as Hellmann's, and that the egg-and-oil concoction invented in Brooklyn represents the New York Jewish tradition. I only wish that the mayonnaise from Brooklyn would throw as good a party as Hellmann's, but so far, I have not received an invitation.

I NEVER used to think that caterers were capable of staging a display that was both good-looking and good-tasting; but one has done so, and I wish I knew his name. The scene was a festive luncheon given by the Italian Trade Commission for Pauline and Sheldon Wasserman, who know more than anybody about Italian wine and who have written a long and very learned and comprehensive volume on Italy's red wines. The book has just been reissued in paperback, and the trade commissioner, as well he should, decided to have a celebration in the Wine Library of the Italian Trade Commission on Park Avenue. For once, the Italian wine people did not talk for endless hours about technicalities, and the service could not have been better. Individual round tables were set with really nice flatware and dishes, the glasses were thin, and the full meal was served hot and actually tasted like food. We ate our way through five courses, beginning with antipasto and ending, after cheese and fruit, with excellent apple tarts and honest hot coffee. Everybody had a fine time and was not remiss in showing it.

It is odd, but the more you turn down invitations to free food and wine tastings, the more you become a desired commodity in the public-relations game. (I wish that relations were not quite as public as they have become.) I will not bore my readers with a catalogue of the dull events I have attended in my relentless efforts to keep informed. Suffice it to say that the Italian Trade Commission event was very unusual in its lack of lengthy, boring speeches. A recent tasting I attended was also pleasant and to the point. The fine cognacs of Prunier were introduced into the United States with a short speech by the export director of Maison Prunier. The guests were given four different brandies to taste, and that was that. The general favorites were a *fine champagne* and a cognac made from a single vintage rather than from a blend of various hooches. Both are wonderful drinks that deserve to be better known in the United States. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Great Depression, by John A. Garraty (Harcourt Brace, 292 pp., $17.95)

THE AMERICAN historian John Garraty has ventured into the labyrinth of international history to explain the causes, course, and consequences of the Great Depression. He has emerged with answers that are unsurprising at best and unsatisfying at worst. The Great Lost Hero of the Great Depression was—guess who—John Maynard Keynes. Garraty believes that purposeful inflation was a way out of the economic doldrums, and he dubs Lord Keynes "by far the most original of the inflationists," although he concedes that Keynes's practical proposals were "by no means original." They were also never tried, to either Keynes's or Garraty's satisfaction. The Great Bogeyman of the Great Depression was—guess what—nationalism. National tariff policies contributed to the economic collapse. National production goals exacerbated international overproduction. National feelings allowed one country to blame another for its economic ills (just as syphilis was once referred to in England as the French pox, in Spain as the Italian pox, and so on). Patriotism got in the way of radicalism. Ultimately, and ironically, national rivalries brought on the Great War, Part II, which brought an end to the Great Depression, Part I. The parties to one of those rivalries, the German-American, came up with amazingly like-minded responses to the problems posed by depression. Roosevelt and Hitler were social and economic opposites who, in turn, appealed to opposites, but the two resorted to similar tactics to reinflate their economies and their subjects' spirits. Garraty's most provocative chapter details the parallel strategies employed by the Nazi dictator and the New Deal President. Each mastered the radio to dramatize himself and influence public opinion. Each organized youth programs on semi-military lines. Each idealized rural life. Each adopted a form of "corporatism" to regulate output and prices. And each failed to end the Great Depression—short of a world war. Garraty hesitates to label the New Deal fascistic, but his flirtation with the Nazi/New Deal linkage is the only eye-catching moment in this otherwise unimaginative stroll amid the debris of the Great Depression.

JOHN C. CHALBERG

The Paris Edition: The Autobiography of Waverley Root 1927-1934, edited and with an introduction by Samuel Abt (North Point, 224 pp., $16.95)

IT IS once again Paris in the Twenties and Thirties, and if not as lyrical as Hemingway's moveable feast, it is almost as irresistible. Waverley Root went to Paris in 1927 and joined the *Chicago Tribune*'s Paris edition, which was sold and killed seven years later. These are his memoirs of the time, suffused with fondness and not a little amazement at his own youthful good fortune, first at being a newspaperman, and then at being a newspaperman in the literary hotbed that was Paris. For these—despite cameo appearances by Hemingway and Gertrude Stein, among others—are a journalist's stories, full of printer's ink and headline writing and copy-desk characters. "We worked on the Paris Edition because it was a club and a cult, because we liked each other, because we loved putting out the paper," writes Root without apology. *The Paris Edition* may be short on the History contained in other memoirs of the period (one thinks of William Shirer, a contemporary and sometime colleague of Root, and his *Twentieth-Century Journey* books), but it is long on humor and humanity. Root, who died in Paris in 1982 at the age of 79, left seven hundred pages of memoirs, and the measure of how good these selections are is that the reader finishes wanting more.

JOE MYSAK

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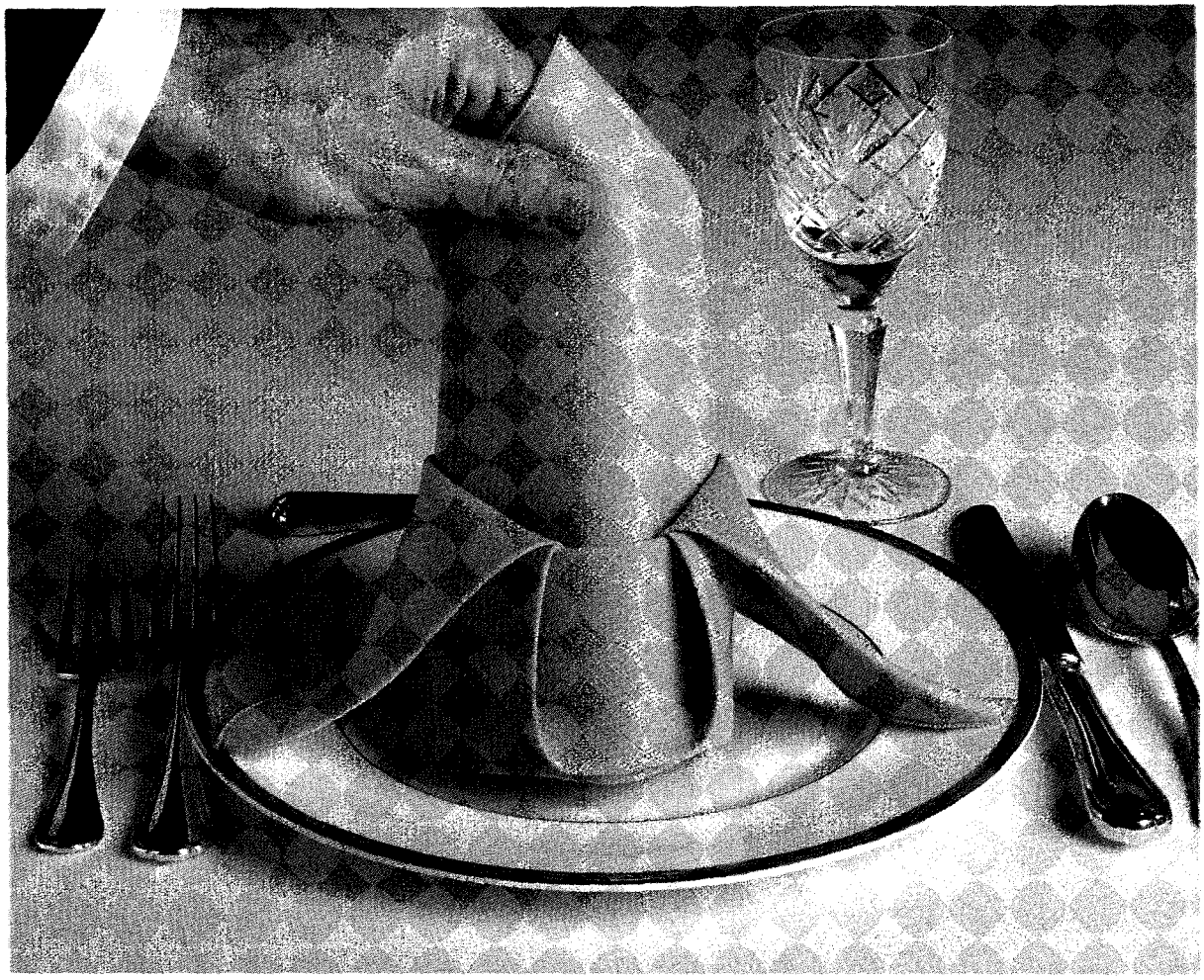
THE ART OF SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE



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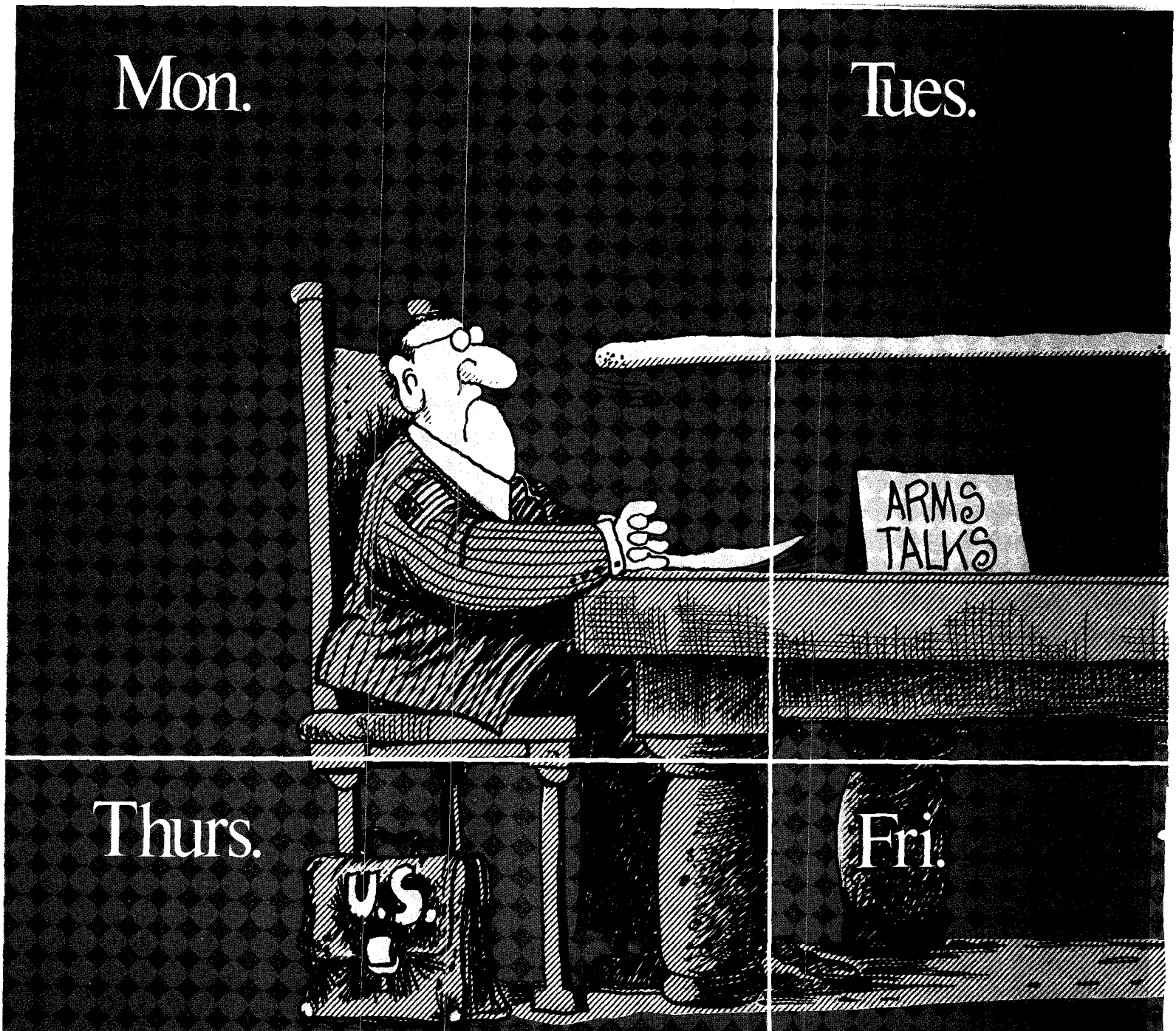

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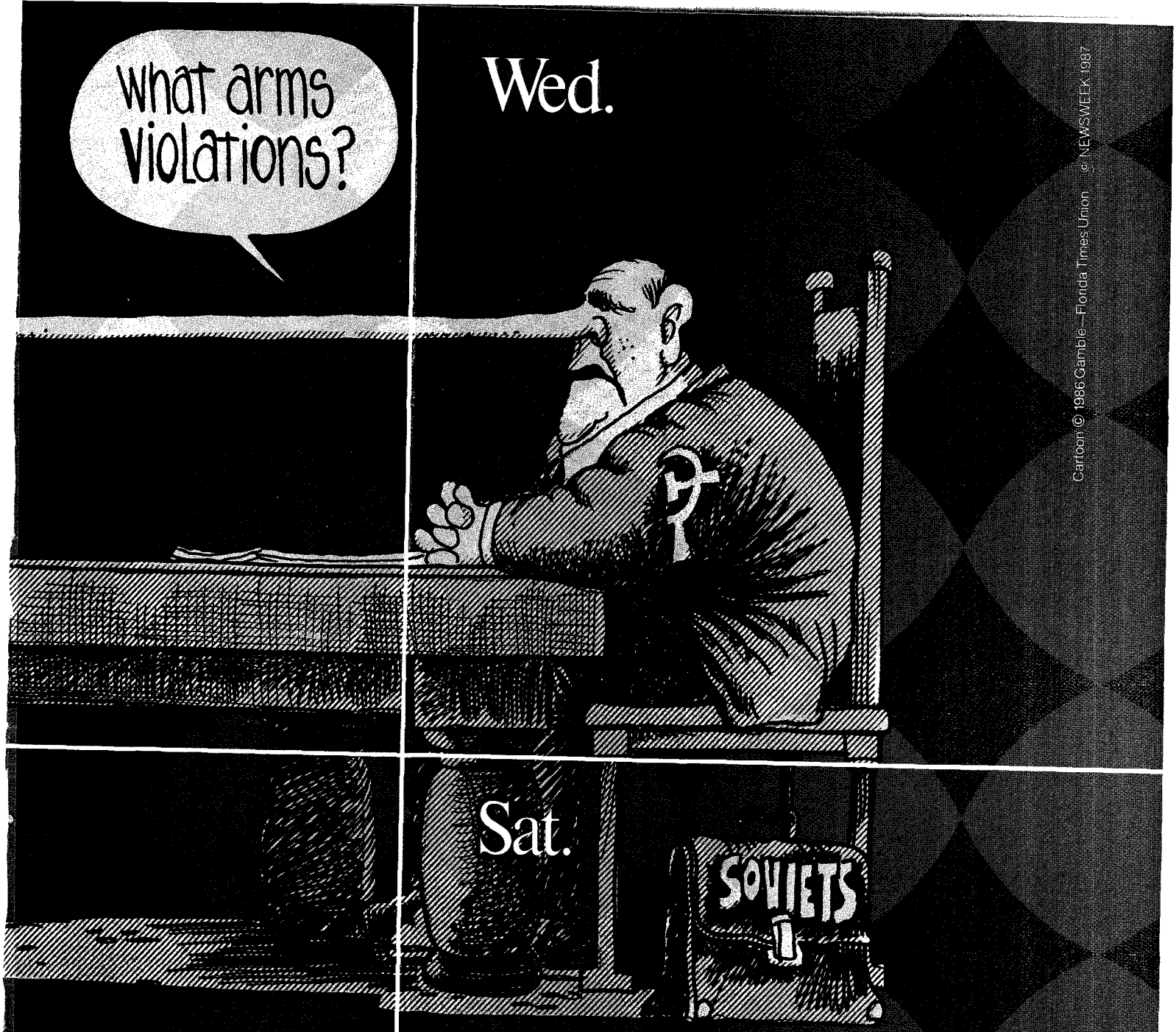

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. Georgia's founder — 122 177 43 98 14 56 155 131 139 26

B. Maritime knots — 172 35 96 67 25 50 169 76 160 129

C. Ardent — 39 61 90 2 125 176 29 75 19 136 105 142

D. What the liberal editor needed to trim story (2 words) — 32 146 44 11 92 66 5

E. Squares never eat this meat (2 words) — 133 83 108 9 168 111 94 48 58 175

F. Nova Scotian summer resort — 185 52 4 88 156 21 110 81

G. City in southeastern Pennsylvania — 150 73 171 164 103 144 62 37 162

H. Not preoccupied — 151 128 16 74 158 91 141 104 60 34

I. Basic — 59 102 149 18 47 3 181 159 69 117 36

J. City in eastern Ohio (2 words) — 82 97 106 134 154 6 118 89 22 153 170 140 120

K. Supple — 42 178 101 15 71 166 87 152 28

L. Where Cornwallis met his Waterloo — 13 31 49 157 80 135 123 174

M. Backer — 46 114 179 8 107 184 63 33

N. Campfire treat — 124 173 27 95 38 115 116 148 84 79 55

O. Every — 45 100 126 121

P. Publishing firm (2 words) — 99 112 40 183 147 68 86 57 165 30 10

Q. Jet engine parts — 109 53 17 161 77 132 64

R. Crib notes — 51 127 167 41 1 23 137 119 65 78

S. Slowly, on the ivories — 130 70 93 182 163 20

T. Belladonna — 113 180 72 145 24 54 143 12 85 138

1 R	2 C	3 I	4 F	5 D		6 J	7 B		8 M	9 E	10 P		11 D	12 T	13 L		14 A	15 K	16 H	17 Q
	18 I	19 C		20 S	21 F	22 J	23 R		24 T	25 B	26 A	27 N	28 K		29 C	30 P		31 L	32 D	33 M
	34 H	35 B	36 I		37 G	38 N	39 C	40 P		41 R	42 K	43 A		44 D	45 O		46 M	47 I	48 E	49 L
50 B	51 R	52 F	53 Q	54 T		55 N	56 A	57 P		58 E	59 I	60 H		61 C	62 G	63 M		64 Q	65 R	66 D
67 B	68 P	69 I	70 S	71 K		72 T	73 G		74 H	75 C	76 B	77 Q		78 R	79 N		80 L	81 F	82 J	
83 E	84 N	85 T		86 P	87 K	88 F	89 J		90 C	91 H		92 D	93 S	94 E		95 N	96 B	97 J	98 A	99 P
100O	101K	102I	103G		104H	105C	106J	107M	108E	109Q	110F	111E		112P	113T	114M		115N	116N	117I
118J	119R	120J		121O	122A	123L		124N	125C	126O	127R		128H	129B	130S	131A	132Q	133E		134J
135L		136C	137R	138T		139A	140J	141H	142C	143T		144G	145T	146D		147P	148N	149I		150G
151H	152K	153J		154J	155A	156F	157L	158H		159I	160B	161Q	162G		163S	164G		165P	166K	167R
168E		169B	170J		171G	172B	173N	174L	175E	176C	177A	178K	179M	180T	181I	182S		183P	184M	185F

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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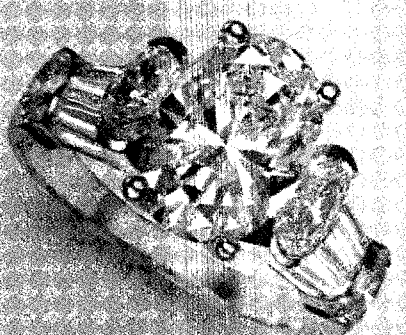

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